

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—The lighter-than-air dirigible airship, Graf Zeppelin, made in Germany and piloted by Dr. Eckener, arrived at Lakehurst, N. J., on August 28, after completing a journey around the world in twenty-one days. The Graf Zeppelin left Lakehurst on August 7, arrived at Friedrichshafen on August 10, left for Tokyo on August 14 and arrived there on August 19, left for Los Angeles on August 23 and arrived there on August 26, and left the next day. Thus only three stops were made en route. General enthusiasm greeted the feat everywhere, especially in Germany.

The President threw an apple of discord among the Western politicians on August 25 when, in a letter to Governors meeting at Salt Lake City, he proposed a new Federal policy with regard to the unoccupied lands still in possession of the Government. These amount to about 200,000,000 acres. In effect the President proposed to hand back to the States all of this land except the parks, forest reserves and Indian reservations, and, wherever shale, oil or minerals are suspected to exist, to surrender only the surface rights. The idea of the President was to effect an economy by reducing the functions of the Re-

clamation Service, established by President Roosevelt as part of his conservation policy in 1902. Mr. Hoover held that what remains to be done in the way of reclamation may better be done now by the States, and he enunciated a States'-right policy in doing so. The Governors addressed seemed favorable but the Western Senators were outspoken in their condemnation. These, however, were divided in opinion: some, among them Senator Borah, holding that surface rights without oil and mineral rights would be useless, others fearing that the water-power, lumber and oil interests would loot the lands more easily through local politics. Eastern editorial opinion was generally adverse. It was also recalled that the measure could be adopted only by Congressional enactment.

As the time approached for Congress to reconvene for consideration of the Senate's revision of the Hawley Tariff bill, the political aspect of the question was uppermost. The President and some leaders of his party were urgent that the measure pass in the special session, so that it might be out of the way before 1930, which is a congressional-election year. The reason for this was that the Democrats' policy grew clearer. This was to fight every step of the way in order to pass a fairer tariff act, and if this was impossible, to allow the Republicans to enact a bill which would cause their downfall in the elections of next November, as happened in 1910. In view of their dilemma, the prospects of gains for their opponents were considered good.

Austria.—Recent clashes between the Fascist Heimwehr and the Socialist Schutzbund caused much alarm in Austria and spread vivid rumors and nervous fears through the Balkans. The Cabinet Council, however, took measures to prevent a recurrence of the St. Lorenzen and Boesendorf clashes and as a result the tension was somewhat lessened. The measures referred to included a strict prohibition of parallel meetings by Socialist and Heimwehr parties. In this the Steeruwitz Government was credited with prudent action against the extremists of both parties. The Socialists considered the Government's measures inadequate and the Heimwehr leader, Dr. Richard Steidle, seemed to defy the Cabinet's communique. Yet when the test case was presented both parties showed a willingness to avoid further clashes. When it was reported that half-a-dozen potentially dangerous political demonstrations had passed off without incident in Styria, Austria breathed with relief. The majority of these demonstrations were Socialist affairs. The Heimwehr lead-

Zeppelin
Arrives

Public
Land
Policy

Heimwehr
Schutzbund

ers had issued orders forbidding interference with the Socialists and the orders were implicitly obeyed. Johann Schoeber, Police President of Vienna, and former Chancellor of the Republic, received a large measure of credit for averting the threatened dangers. In some quarters it was felt that the Government action was dictated chiefly by the demands of merchants and industrialists who feared that the internal dissensions might frighten prospective visitors from the Vienna Fair, which was scheduled for September 3.

Chile.—On August 22, the Cabinet handed its resignation to President Ibanez, following, apparently, discord in Government circles over the arrest some days earlier of four deputies, who had attacked Finance Minister Ramirez for agreements negotiated between German synthetic nitrate producers and potash companies. Two days later the President announced the new Cabinet as follows: Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Manuel Barros Castanon; Secretary of War, General Bartolome Blanche; Secretary of the Navy, Captain Carlos Frodden; Secretary of Promotion, Emiliano Bustos; Secretary of Education, General Mariano Navalette; Secretary of the Treasury, Rodolfo Jaramillo; Secretary of Welfare, Luis Carvajal; Secretary of Justice, Oswald Koch; Secretary of the Interior, Enrique Bermudez. A general approval of the new appointees was expressed by the local press. Except for Srs. Jaramillo, Castanon, Bermudez and Bustos, the other Ministers were members of the Cabinet that resigned. Up to the time of their appointments, Sr. Castanon had been acting as Ambassador to Mexico, Sr. Jaramillo has been Director of Public Works, and the new Minister of the Interior was Ambassador to Argentina.

China.—Press dispatches indicated that conferences were on between Moscow and Nanking representatives in Berlin, looking to a settlement of the dispute over the Chinese Eastern Railway. However, no official confirmation of the dispatches was obtainable, and both Embassies at the Reich denied that any peace steps were being negotiated there. Apart from this, last week's *status quo* continued. Occasional depredations occurred along the national boundaries by both Chinese and Soviets, but they were of minor moment. On August 21, Foreign Minister Wang issued a communication through the Kuomintang News Agency stating that, were his Government to yield to the demands of Russia that the situation which was prevalent before the expulsion of the railway officials should be restored as a condition to peace negotiations between the two nations, it would "unfailing result in even more extensive Communistic propaganda and activities than had heretofore been conducted by Soviet agents." He further emphasized the Chinese contention that Russia had violated the 1924 agreement, providing that each country would abstain from any propaganda against the social or political system of the other nation. He insisted, too, that thus far in the present crisis no Chinese troops had stepped on Soviet soil. Meanwhile, the Sino-

Russian break was seriously crippling the Chinese trade.

Czechoslovakia.—Father Andreas Hlinka, leader of of the Slovak People's party, took the stand for the defense in the trial of Prof. Vojtech Tuka, on August 26, and assumed full responsibility for the latter's activity in behalf of Slovak autonomy. He stated, at the outset of his testimony, that the prosecution of Professor Tuka was intended to discredit and destroy the Slovak People's party. He recalled the fact that the reward of 100,000 crowns, which he had offered for proof of any treasonable activity on Professor Tuka's part, was still unclaimed. He renewed his declaration of loyalty to the Czechoslovak State and promised to continue the campaign for home rule for Slovakia.

France.—The fifty-seventh National Pilgrimage to Lourdes left Paris in a series of nearly twenty trains on August 19 and 20, bearing close to 15,000 pilgrims, and nearly a thousand invalids seeking cures. They were attended by groups of various nursing Orders. The throng of infirm at Lourdes taxed to the utmost the *brancardiers* and the officers of the Medical Bureau. Catholics all over France were urged to unite their prayers with those of the pilgrims. A number of extraordinary cures were reported.

Ireland.—For the year ended June 30, the "adverse" trade balance further decreased to £13,547,000. Both exports and imports fell during the same period, the decline probably being due to the tariff. The Statistical Department issued figures on the Free State trade during the past five years. The imports gradually declined from £68,890,000 in 1924 to £59,852,000 in 1928. Exports fell from £51,585,000 in 1924 to £41,957,000 in 1926, but rose to £46,305,000 in 1928. The excess of imports was reduced from the high peak of £19,329,000 in 1926 to £13,547,000 in 1928. The export of agricultural produce to Great Britain increased. The trade with the United States during June of the current year was: Exports, £77,875; imports, £381,965; that is, the Free State bought five times as much from the United States as it sold to this country.

Mexico.—The thirty-third session of Congress was scheduled to open on Sunday, September 1. It found before it principally the new labor law which caused so much apprehension to employers generally. The way was opened, in the special session just closing, to federalizing this legislation by enacting amendments to the Constitution, which restricted such legislation to the States. A sufficient number of States had already adopted the amendments. Vigorous protests against the new law were made by employers and a radical section of labor. The new drink-restriction laws will also be proposed by the President. Their text was not known, but they stopped short of national Prohibition. Another problem was the rail-

Tuka
Trial

New
Cabinet

National
Lourdes
Pilgrimage

Trade
Statistics

Russo-Chinese
Impasse

Opening of
Congress

ways, which are in the Government's hands and are bankrupt. An attempt will probably be made to hand them over to a foreign syndicate. The process of religious pacification was making slow progress. In some States extreme limitations were made on the number of priests allowed to function, while in others, notably Vera Cruz and Tabasco, the Governors refused point blank to hand the churches back.

Palestine.—A racial and religious warfare between the Jews and Arabs of Palestine flared up in a riot about the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem on August 16, and rapidly

Jewish and Arab Warfare

spread through the greater part of Palestine. The ultimate cause of the disturbances was the ancient hatred between the two peoples. The proximate cause was, on the one side, the efforts of the Zionists to make Palestine the national home of the Jews, in accordance with the Balfour Declaration of November 2, 1917, and on the other side, the protest by the Moslem against Jewish aggression. The clash at the Wailing Wall was merely the occasion through which the antagonists resorted to fighting. The Wailing Wall, the only remnant of Solomon's Temple, is a Jewish shrine located on Moslem territory and adjacent to the sacred Mosque of Omar. Permission had been given to the Moslem Supreme Council to begin building operations near the Wall; to this the Jews objected. The Jews, on their side, insisted that a partition be erected before the Wall so that the ritual separation of the sexes could be effected; the Moslem considered this an aggression. On August 16, with premeditation claimed by each party against the other, a riot broke out near the Wailing Wall. Several combatants on both sides were killed and wounded. During the week following the Arabs proceeded to a widespread attack on the Jews in Jerusalem and the immediate suburbs, and the Jews retaliated as best they could. The Arab attacks then extended to other towns in Palestine; on August 24, they descended on the Slaboka Rabbinical College at Hebron, twelve miles from Jerusalem, where they killed about fifty persons, including eight American students. By August 26, the total number of Jewish casualties was upwards of 100; that of the Arab dead could not be obtained, but was estimated to be at least equal to the Jewish number. At the time that the rioting began, the British military and police force in Palestine was said not to have exceeded 160.

The British authorities immediately took steps to meet the emergency by ordering two, and then three more, warships to Jaffa; 650 soldiers were likewise sent at once, followed in a few days by 1,300 marines.

England Acts

Martial rule was declared in Jerusalem and a state of emergency proclaimed for all Palestine. The suburbs were evacuated of all Jews as far as possible. In a few instances, the Arabs attacked the British relief forces in the vicinity of Haifa. Sir John Chancellor, British High Commissioner, who had been absent in England, together with other officials, returned to Palestine. The Jews throughout the world organized themselves to protest over what they called the

massacres. Zionist societies in the United States sent official complaints to the Government about the failure of the British authorities to guard Jewish lives and property in Palestine, which is a British Mandate. Zionists in Great Britain, likewise, demanded compensation and liberty for the Palestinian Jews, and punishment of the Moslem. Ramsay MacDonald issued a statement taking full responsibility for affairs in Palestine and admitted the obligations of Great Britain through the Balfour Declaration. By August 30, the British forces had quelled the disturbances, though they were forced to fire on both Jewish and Arab rioters. The shortage of food in Jerusalem created a new problem. The Zionist leaders in the United States and Europe undertook the raising of funds for Jewish relief in the Holy Land.

Poland.—The Polish Government's financial adviser, Charles Dewey, in his seventh quarterly report ended June 30, stated that the general economic situation during

Quarterly Report

the second quarter of the year remained unchanged. Though definite evidence seemed to threaten a slight decline there were no grounds for fear that the country was entering a critically difficult period. The outlook on the credit side, however, was not too encouraging. On this account the Finance Minister determined to reduce expenditures below the amount allowed by the budget.—Poland lost one of her great social benefactors in the death of Senator John Albrecht. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop Kakowski conducted the funeral services in the Church of St. Martin at Warsaw. Senator Albrecht was an ardent apostle of Catholic Social Action and the organizer of the Christian labor union in Poland.

Venezuela.—On August 26, the Minister of the Interior issued a formal communique stating that the revolutionists, who for some two weeks previous had been active in the State of Sucre, had finally been "exterminated." The announcement mentioned that several of the leaders of the movement were captured, and noted that Government funds were recovered and rifles and ammunition seized. The statement concluded with a declaration that the failure of the revolt, which began when a force was landed at Cumana, proved that the national peace was not "at the mercy of any audacious adventurer seeking to overthrow it."

Rebellion Crushed

League of Nations.—On August 23, the Interparliamentary Union formally opened its sessions with the United States having one of the largest delegations present.

Parliamentary Union

They were taken up mainly with a discussion of the Kellogg peace pact, and such questions as international trusts, ethnical minorities, narcotics, and social work. While the speakers emphasized the need of a strong peace pact and of detailing methods for settling international disputes, the Union in a resolution passed at the closing session limited itself to the adoption of a motion submitted by Count Apponyi of Hungary deploring the numerous loop-

holes in the pact and urging the improvement and facilitating of the judicial, arbitrary, and conciliatory machinery for the settlement of disputes.

On August 29, the delegates of the special committee that has been working to formulate plans for a convention for the control of the manufacture of arms adjourned after deciding not to color their report to the Council by either a pessimistic or an optimistic tone, but to let the facts speak for themselves. The "facts" would seem to indicate that the delegates have not advanced any since their last session and that the debated issues regarding the manufacture of munitions are precisely where they stood at the last meeting. The main difficulty continued to be the application of the convention's publicity provisions to State munition factories as well as to private firms. Japan here was chiefly opposed. Five States, including France and Italy, announced that they could go no further with this convention until the convention for education on armaments had been drafted.

On August 30, the fifty-sixth session of the Council of the League of Nations opened at Geneva with the Persian delegate acting as President. However, the meeting was a mere formality, since the chief leaders of the Council were still at The Hague, and it was understood that several days would pass before the meetings would be in full swing. Meanwhile, mere routine matters were taken up, such as budgeting and the reports of various committees according to the present agenda. Before the Council adjourns the corner stone of the new \$5,000,000 League palace will be laid, September 7.

Reparations Question.—Sharp bargaining at The Hague resulted, after nearly four weeks, in a signal victory for Mr. Snowden. The question involved was an ostensibly insignificant adjustment of the Young plan which would give Great Britain an additional \$11,520,000 annually (equivalent to a quarter of one per cent of the present British budget). To this comparatively small sum, however, the Four Powers would not admit that England had any claim in justice. So cautious and skilful bidding began. The wreck of the Young plan seemed imminent. On August 25, an offer was made that would give England 220,000,000 marks from the overlapping balance between the Young and the Dawes plan, 150,000,000 marks for Italy's claim on Czechoslovakia, and includes 100,000,000 marks which England would receive in the first year of the Young Plan over her normal percentage. This would make a total of 470,000,000 marks (\$112,800,000) which the Four Powers said would represent an annuity amounting to sixty per cent of Mr. Snowden's demand. But the next day, the British delegation rejected the offer flatly, saying that if the interest paid were five-and-a-half per cent the offer came to only fifty-seven per cent of the demand; that they did not like the idea of obtaining Germany's agreement first, and that they would not consider it in any case. On August 28, however, at 1.30 a. m., an agreement was reached which gave

Mr. Snowden practically all he could hope for. He had asked for the restoration of the Spa percentages (\$11,520,000) and received about eighty-three per cent of this sum. He had asked a substantial share of Germany's unconditional payments; of the 40,000,000 marks allotted by this latest plan, 36,000,000 will be unconditional. He had asked an amendment with regard to payments made in kind; he is assured that these payments are not to last in any case more than ten years and that in the meantime, Italy will increase her purchases of British coal by 1,000,000 tons a year. So much appeared on the surface. The real issue was apparently Mr. Snowden's plain warning "that Britain proposed once more to assume in European affairs an authority commensurate with her financial power and proposed to put an end to the procedure by which every step in European appeasement is made only at the price of concession to the Continental Powers."

On August 28, the German delegation unexpectedly declined to foot the bill for the sop that had been thrown to Great Britain. For most of the extra payment promised by the Four Powers had been allotted earlier in the conference to cover the final costs of the Rhineland occupation and thus, an expenditure of over \$2,000,000 a month was unprovided for unless Germany were to provide it. The following evening, after long and heated discussion, a compromise was reached on this point. It was finally decided that Germany's share of the occupation costs between now and the date of final evacuation should not exceed \$7,146,000, about half of the estimated total.

Thus the way was open to full accord. On August 29 the Young Plan, which definitely fixes Germany's total war obligations at \$9,000,000,000 present capital value, was formally approved by the delegates, subject to ratification by their respective parliaments. As a corollary to the financial settlement, the Allies have agreed that their last soldier will be out of the Rhineland by June 30, 1930, and that after evacuation, no inter-Allied control commission will be set up in that territory. With regard to the Bank of International settlements, its location, its functions and its powers are still to be discussed.

Germany Balks

Agreement Final

Session Arms

Council Meeting

Snowden's Victory

George Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Apple Cart," has not yet been shown in this country, but perhaps soon will be. Next week, G. C. Heseltine will record his vivid impressions of its first showing in England.

In "Rearing Catholic Novelists," Vincent De Paul Fitzpatrick will tell how he would do if he were a school teacher instead of a newspaperman and had charge of an English class.

The Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady will give special point to an interesting art article by Julia Grant on "The Tree of Jesse."

"Ordeals Old and New" will give Professor R. A. Muttkowski an occasion to relate some interesting experiments of his students with machines for detecting the truth in criminals.

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The New Bondage

THE work which Lincoln left was never finished. As an incidental of war, the slaves had been declared free in the States in "insurrection," and measures begun for general emancipation. At the time of the Second Inaugural, the perpetuity of the Union had been secured, although not in the manner contemplated by the original Constitution. The work of pacification and reconstruction was inaugurated, to be broken off when Lincoln was struck down by the pistol of Booth. Johnson undertook to continue it, and was foiled by the power of demagogues in a fanatical Congress. He failed through no fault of his own. The work has never been done. The South was never reconciled, and what position the Negro achieved after emancipation was his by no favor of the North.

Who will emancipate today the victims of economic slavery?

"Economic slavery is as great an injustice, as cruel, as any political slavery ever established by man," said Senator Norris at the unveiling of the Lincoln Memorial at Freeport last week. "If by the combination of vast amounts of wealth, the economic, the political, and the social functions of our race are controlled by those who own the combination, then those who are controlled are in reality slaves." And, in the opinion of Senator Norris, the combination which threatens to establish the most formidable degree of economic slavery is found in the "power trust."

This combination has already given indications of what may be expected when it rises to the peak of its force. It has purchased newspapers, and with them, their editors. It has induced college professors to pose as experts in order to influence public opinion. It has even entered the schools, and written its unfair propaganda on the pages of textbooks for children. Its influence in Congress is impressive. For investigating committees, it has scant respect. How far its component parts extend, cannot be said with certainty, for even court actions to

compel publicity have thus far met complete failure.

When it is remembered that we have never been able to control any determined trust or combination in the past, the prospect is not happy. Under the elder Rockefeller, the Standard Oil Company went blithely on its way, unimpeded by investigating committees, or by judicial orders. When it finally obliterated, under pressure from a Federal court, the methods which at last were deemed contrary to law, it had long since ceased to find those particular methods financially profitable. The combination was not weaker but stronger, after the courts had done their worst.

But in comparison with the present power development and its proposed extension, the work of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., is but a mole hill to a mountain. The power groups can control immense natural sources of wealth which should never have been allowed to slip from the ownership of the public. Through its vast ramifications, it will be in a position to sell light and power at a cost which, unless an honest and efficient State supervision can be established, will be set by itself. If it can fix this price, it can also raise or lower the cost of living, affect wage returns, and establish a monopolistic control of thousands of industries.

Up to the present time, State and Federal efforts to defend the public against the exactions of public-utility corporations, have not produced the results hoped for, when these boards of control were established. If we have not been successful in dealing with the problem on a small scale, there is not much hope that we shall be successful when the problem becomes infinitely more complex. Capital must be served.

What Is a Law?

"WOULD a law commanding all persons, including Dr. Clarence True Wilson, to beat their grandmothers periodically, command obedience?" asked Mr. Charles Morris Howard, of Baltimore, at the Charlottesville conferences. An inhabitant of the Free State of Maryland, Mr. Howard took part with energy in the debate on Prohibition. "Would a law providing that all persons, including Bishop Cannon, should consume a pint of whiskey daily before breakfast command respect?" he continued.

By these and similar queries, Mr. Howard probably opened the windows and let in on a stuffy debate some sunlight and air.

As we have insisted, and shall continue to insist, the problem which Mr. Wickersham's Committee should consider is not how Prohibition can be enforced. The answer to that is easy. Call out the army and the navy, conscript all the local police, build 10,000 new jails, and spend all the Government's income in catching all bootleggers and their patrons, and in supporting them in the penitentiary.

All these methods would probably be unconstitutional, but what method is not? The real issue, then, is not how Mr. Volstead's legislation can be enforced, but whether or not it should be enforced.

"There are certain boundaries set by nature and not by man," said Mr. Howard, "beyond which it is both improper and nugatory to make legal regulations."

In other words, a law must be an enforceable rule of reason. Any measure which fails to meet this description deserves no respect and can command no obedience.

Trudging to School

EVEN now Johnny and little Mary are considering with mixed feelings the fate which awaits them at school. As the long vacation days draw to a close, every dawn brings closer to the childish mind a picture of the open school door.

It is to be hoped that a right decision has been reached by all Catholic parents. The only school that is fit for the Catholic child is the Catholic school, and no true Catholic can doubt the wisdom of the legislation which makes the non-Catholic school forbidden ground. At no time in our history have men been madder after wealth and power, and blinder to life's most precious values. A sense of the supernatural has all but disappeared from social life, and its place has been taken by devotion to the philosophy of eat, drink, and be merry. The atmosphere which surrounds the child of today is not the atmosphere in which men now approaching their fifth decade, grew up. It is charged with peril.

But the mere fending off of the perils which menace childhood is not sufficient. True education means that the child must be trained to use all that is in him to attain to active and positive goodness. Instruction in the subjects of a literary or scientific curriculum is not enough. The memory must be exercised, the intelligence stimulated, the will strengthened, tastes developed, and the judgment formed—but the education which goes no further is essentially defective. Men may be cultured pagans, learned criminals, with wills set in the pursuit of evil, and judgments that are vilely deformed. The education that never lifts its eyes to God will never raise its pupils to Heaven.

That is not the education, even though it be housed in palatial buildings and administered by gracious officials, which can fit any child to know and love life's most precious treasures. After all is said and done, we who are Christians cannot dissociate religion from education. God is, and God's law is, and no human activity can disregard these primal facts. We cannot think it sufficient that a child be entrusted to a classroom controlled by teachers who either do not know God, or dare not teach His law, and then be taken to a safe distance from the school, once or twice a week, to be instructed in the precepts of religion and morality. This violent severance does not result in two halves which may, possibly, be fused in a perfect whole, but in two imperfect and irreconcilable units. The Catholic principle is that religion must be the very soul of education, and that principle is exemplified in its perfection only in the Catholic school. Its classrooms are precincts in which our Blessed Lord is a welcome guest. Indeed, He is truly in the midst of the children, as at the opening session they make the

Sign of the Cross, and offer Him the united tribute of their childish hearts. He is there when the teacher, lay or Religious, begins his work, knowing that his first duty is to form these hearts to piety and religion. He is there not only in the periods of formal religious instruction, but also when the teacher leads the children to perceive in the pages of history and literature, elementary or graduate, the clear marks of God's dominion and of our loving subjection to Him. He is there in the book and the crayon, the chart and the picture; in the crucifix that hangs from the wall, and in the cross that surmounts the building; in the labor and prayers of Bishop and priests and people who support the only school system in this country which openly professes complete devotion to the teachings of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Non erubesco Evangelium*. It is not ashamed of the Gospel.

What the Catholic School Promises

IT IS not to be asserted that the product of the Catholic school is infallibly a saint and a scholar. But it is to be asserted, and emphatically, that the purpose of every Catholic school, each one in its proper grade, is to form saints and scholars.

There is no magic element in Catholic education, just as there is none in the Christian religion, which can produce desirable results without reference to the cooperation of the human purpose. It is not written that Our Blessed Lord converted to the Gospel every man and woman to whom He preached. Indeed, He did not hold all of His Apostles, and when the end came, many who had seen Him and had listened to Him, turned against Him. At the very foot of the cross, the soldiers threw dice, and it is quite possible that His voice, raised to pray forgiveness for His executioners, was mingled with the blasphemies of the mob that heard His words.

The Catholic school, then, cannot promise to do what, apparently, the Saviour of the world did not do.

But this it can promise.

It can guarantee that nothing will be left undone to give the child a complete education. In matters that are literary and scientific, it will impart a training that is second to none given in any secular school. Its teachers, for the most part, are men and women who from a supernatural motive have devoted themselves to a task that will absorb them to the end. Teaching is not a temporary occupation with them, undertaken as a step to another avocation, but a life work. It can promise, then, that no child entrusted to it will come under the influence of a teacher whose belief in God, attested by purity of life, is waning or non-existent.

It can further promise that from the outset the child will be taught the saving precepts of religion and morality, so that an education which will fit it for citizenship in the world to come as well as in this world, will be the result.

Catholic parents who cooperate with the Catholic school may rest satisfied that they have done their duty to their children. More they cannot do, and with less, no true Catholic can be content.

How to Organize

ON TUESDAY and Wednesday in the last week of August, the metropolitan journals devoted pages of space to an account of certain frightful happenings in Jerusalem.

This liberal publicity presents a somewhat striking contrast to the treatment of certain even more frightful happenings, not on the other side of the globe, but at our very doors in Mexico. These happenings, too, were not a sporadic outburst, but the direct result of the purposes of an atheistic Government, and they went on for years. Our American newspapers, however, professed complete ignorance of these murders and massacres. With all their resources, they either were unable to find out what really was taking place in Mexico, or, having discovered it, to publish it. The hollow pretense was not shaken, when a lone English journalist went to Mexico, and on his return could find no welcome for his authenticated findings from the American press. For even then it was not safe—so they apparently concluded—to chronicle, much less to denounce, barbarity in Mexico.

Probably we who had the interests of civilization and humanity in Mexico at heart are to blame. Catholics are supposed to move as a drilled and compact unit at the word of command. A convert of six months' standing knows how false that general supposition is. We unite in saying the Creed, and, it may be supposed, there is a general tie of charity that binds us. But at that we stop. We move, when we move, in scattered bands, and very many of us do not move at all. Rome may be in flames, but what is the city fire department for?

Contrast this immobility with the energy of our Jewish compatriots.

Hardly had the newspapers published the news from Jerusalem when they were on the move. First, more publicity was secured. A procession of some 15,000 men and women wound through the streets of New York, to be pictured that evening on the screen of a hundred theaters. Then the committees proceeded to Washington. With no difficulty, apparently, they held converse with the President, with the Secretary of State, and with other high officials. The wires hummed, and the cables flashed, and wireless did all that was required of it. A British Chancellery was stirred to prompt action. American representatives throughout the Orient received their instructions. The protesting Jews were not satisfied with suave assurances that the matters which they presented would receive immediate and careful attention.

They demanded action. They got it.

They may yet teach Washington that one of the duties of the Government is to protect its citizens. They may even force Washington to agree that its solicitude for oppressed and outraged peoples, so touchingly expressed in many official papers, should be a general, and not a particular solicitude; a ready solicitude too, and not one that stubbornly refuses to act until it is prodded into action.

We hope that our Jewish brethren will secure ample protection for their rights. We trust we do not intrude

when we express our sincere sympathy with the families and friends of the slaughtered men. And we pray that Catholics may soon learn to stand up and demand the recognition and protection of their rights. It can be done.

Mr. Ford on Rich Men

CONSIDERING that he is an individual who took to the pen late in life, Mr. Henry Ford is a singularly prolific publicist. For a number of years he conducted a page in the now defunct *Dearborn Independent*, dividing his attention between the woes of the farmer—too poor to purchase a Fordson tractor—and the iniquities of the Jews. Then, and thereafter, he issued a host of pronouncements on matters of interest and indifference to the general public.

At present Mr. Ford's literary and instructive energies seem restricted to a weekly interview, published in New York in the *World*. From time to time, however, he turns aside from "the job of making the very best car at the lowest possible price," to enlighten his countrymen on a variety of themes.

Now what Mr. Ford might say on the simplicity of the soul, for instance, or the origin of ideas, while it might be diverting, could hardly be valuable. But Mr. Ford, discoursing on rich men and the perils to which they are exposed, ought to hold the attention of all. He does. He finds that "the accumulation of wealth seems to unsettle and dissatisfy them."

Mr. Ford has never said anything truer, or anything that the world of men and women who work hard for a bare living is less disposed to accept. But Mr. Ford is himself a rich man who has had ample opportunity to observe the lives of other men of wealth. Rich men, he contends, especially if their wealth has come to them suddenly, are often impelled to break old ties. They have no further use for the ladder on which they climbed to the top of the wall. Some drop the only occupation they know, to take up an occupation for which they are wholly unfitted. The old occupation may be useful, and the new one, such as "breaking into society," quite useless, but break they must. For himself, Mr. Ford promises unalterable fidelity to Mr. Micawber. Despite his wealth, he knows that his "supreme mission in life is to make more and better cars," and from it he will never, never, be parted.

Mr. Ford might have carried his instances farther. Men who find themselves in command of huge fortunes often do more than break with their old occupation. Some break with their old religion and their old morality. Many a Catholic has slid into fashionable society, and, at the same time, into practical atheism, from the top of a heaped-up pile of sacks of coin.

On the whole, Mr. Ford has given in modern language a fair picture of the man in the Gospel who, after filling his barns, thought it was time to enjoy himself. But God did not give him time. Riches do not satisfy even those who have time to seek content in them. They lose true happiness in this world, and imperil their every chance of happiness in the world to come.

An Archbishop in Hiding

WILFRID PARSONS, S. J.

A SECRET that was kept for two years by 15,000 people is unusual in this or any other age. It is one of the yet untold marvels of the recent persecution of Catholics in Mexico. When Archbishop Orozco decided on a fateful Friday evening in October, 1926, not to go to Mexico City in answer to a summons of the Government, the only alternative was to take to the hills. He donned the dress of a peon, hid his graying hair under a ten-gallon hat with a lofty crown, and made his way to a lonely spot far from his archiepiscopal city. Here he lived for a year, changing his residence from time to time, as his whereabouts became suspected, and never losing touch with the affairs of his diocese. How he did this is a part of his story. At the end of a year, he moved in nearer to Guadalajara to another region (the names of both must not be mentioned) only sixty miles away. In this region about 15,000 people live; every one of them, except about 300 Protestants, knew he was among them. Not one of them ever gave the secret away.

His is a story that has few equals in Catholic annals. Perhaps the nearest approach is that of another Bishop, by name Athanasius, who spent many years eluding the pursuing Arians around Alexandria in Egypt, and with the same gay, high-spirited, dashing glee in playing tricks on his enemies to throw them off the track. When the Mexican Archbishop, at the time of the settlement, came one day dramatically into Mexico City and appeared in the anteroom of the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Ruiz, he asked for an audience with President Portes Gil. When he was received, he spent some time telling how he had escaped the Federal police and soldiers. "You see," asked the President, "what a rotten police force I have?" "No," answered the Archbishop, "you see what a fine guardian angel I have."

One of the most lovable traits of the Mexicans is their habit in the midst of the most atrocious worries and troubles of bursting into laughter at themselves over their own plight. When I saw Archbishop Orozco recently in his room in the house of the Paulist Fathers in New York, I found him no exception to the rule. His hair is a little grayer and his face a little more deeply lined than when I last saw him in June, 1926, at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. But he stands just as erect and his eyes are just as expressive as ever. And the room rang with laughter time and again as for three hours he told his story in his vivid Spanish.

He is now living in the United States at the request of the Mexican Government. It was one of the concessions which the President was forced to make to the radicals in return for the concessions made the Church. It is the irony of things that all during the persecution he was one of the few of the Hierarchy who were able to keep within the country and that, now that peace has come, he is one of three who must leave. When I told him that he is a "victim of the peace," his eyes misted, but he ac-

cepted it at that. He is content to wait, if that will help the Church. He even gives full credit to the amiable and respectful manner in which he was treated even while forced to depart. There was no proof produced to show that he had ever taken part in revolution as was charged (indeed, if there were, it would long since have been published), but some clippings showed that in the minds of many he was a revolutionary leader, and that sufficed.

When in October, 1926, he received word that he was to go to Mexico City with the other Bishops, he was placed in a difficult position. With the rigorous logic that distinguishes the Spanish mind (he is of course of Spanish descent) he reasoned thus: "If I go, it means eventual exile. If I remain, it means I must hide. I will hide." He went to the telegraph office, wrote out a telegram, sent it off, and galloped out of the city. He had had the punctilio to tell the Secretary of State that he was going into hiding.

He lived a cruel, hard life in hiding. He avoided the haciendas—the big farm houses—and lived on the hills or in secluded valleys with the Indians in their huts. He brought his seminarians out with him and divided them into five groups of twenty each. Their training went on under their professors, and three times there during the three years he ordained to the priesthood those who were ready. Once one of these groups was surrounded by the soldiers, who would certainly have killed them, and the Archbishop choked with laughter when he told me how they had escaped—by their ability to run! I asked him if his health had not suffered, and he told me that twice he had been prostrated by malaria, but a priest had cured him by injecting quinine, and he felt his leg where the needle had pricked. "But," he went on, "I suffered more in the heart. When news would come that another of my priests had been murdered, I had a real pain here." And he held his side. "How many of Your Grace's priests were murdered?" Twenty-two. . . .

He was taken care of by a faithful young Indian, whom we will call Serapio. "Oh, he was faithful! I lived sixty miles from Guadalajara. Once a week he left for the city with my mail, on foot. He started at five in the evening. At five in the morning he lay down for two hours' rest. At seven he rose, and at eight he was in the city. There he made his rounds delivering his mail to five different persons, none of whom knew the others were receiving any, and receiving from them the mail they had received. At nightfall he started back and at eight in the morning he was with me again."

That Indian's adventures would fill an issue of this Review. He was once forced to accept an invitation from a policeman, before he had made his rounds, to a drink of whiskey in a barroom. He raised his glass as the other did, and poured its contents down his shirtfront. Once his feet got sore, and the Archbishop bought him a horse. That was the only time he was in any real

danger, for he ran plump into a cavalry regiment and escaped by a miracle, and hard riding. He always walked after that. He could do anything. Once he brought a radio to the Archbishop, and rigged it up all by himself. Later a friend presented him with an automobile, and on his regular visits to the city he took lessons in running it, and one fine day drove it triumphantly out to the Archbishop. Then he persuaded the Archbishop to let him drive him into the city, and on four or five occasions at dusk they drove in with the car crowded with friends, and the Archbishop in the middle of them, and toured the streets of the city for two hours! I made a private bet that the others in that car had concealed weapons about them.

I had the temerity to ask His Grace if he really and truly had taken no part in the revolution which convulsed six States in Mexico for three years. He answered gravely: "I have examined my conscience on the matter. I can honestly say that I did not. I even suspended two of my priests who, goaded beyond their strength, did take arms. Of course," he added with a twinkle, "during the Russo-Japanese war, some of my friends were for Japan and some were for Russia. You can say that in the religious revolt, my sympathies were not with Calles. But I am absolutely guiltless of having taken arms, or of having directed those who took arms, or of any part in the fighting." He must be believed.

I asked him how he spent his time during those three years. He read;—Hergenroether's History of the Church and Pastor's, and Padre Murillo's fine commentary on Genesis, and Durand's commentaries, and many pious books. And of course some works of Spanish literature, too. Serapio carried them out to him. But mostly he was taken up with the affairs of his diocese, with his seminarians, whom he saw from time to time, and with his priests. He was hunted assiduously. I must confess that he did not seem much impressed with the dangers of his existence those three years. He did not even have many narrow escapes. The nearest perhaps was when he was brought word that General Ferreira, with the Governor and a member of Parliament on a junket, was approaching with 1,000 men to clean up his district, in which they suspected he was hiding. He jumped on a horse, rode off on a bias for four hours, and set up a new archiepiscopal residence. When the soldiers came, they did not find him. "But," he said with mock seriousness, "1,000 soldiers to capture poor me!" He was much more excited in remembering how a poisonous snake had once crawled over his bare feet when he was sitting reading in an Indian's hut.

He told me story after story of the persecution. There is room for only one. In Guadalajara about eighty-five ladies and men of the quality were rounded up, suspected of being in sympathy with the revolutionists. They were condemned to the horrible Islas Marias, the Devil's Island of Mexico. They were closely guarded. The problem was how to receive the Sacraments. The Sacrament of Penance was arranged by having them all make an act of contrition at a given moment, and a priest in disguise within twenty yards of the enclosure gave them a common

absolution. But the Eucharist was a different matter.

Here is how it was arranged. One of the ladies had a five-year-old son, named Angelito, who was very lively and very intelligent, and was allowed to visit her. He was asked if he knew what the Blessed Sacrament was. "*Jesús Cristo*," he said. Would he bring Jesus Christ to them all? He would. Suppose the soldiers attempted to take Him away? "I would die first," he answered proudly. So a priest outside, to whom he explained the matter, fixed a large reliquary full of consecrated Hosts inside his shirt. Angelito thus set forth, fooled a bit as usual at the entrance with the soldiers guarding the prisoners, and then went dancing and shouting around the enclosure from one to another. As he went, he gave each one Communion.

That and many other well-authenticated incidents he related to me which, please God, will some day be told. For it is truly one of the glorious chapters in Church history. Not the least tragic part of it is that the world knew so little of it. When about a hundred Jews were killed in rioting in Palestine, the papers rang with the horror of it. While thousands of Catholics were being killed, some of them in terrible tortures, the papers were silent. But peace has come at last. May God grant that He may be allowed to be served in freedom and tranquillity once more in Mexico!

The Barcelona Exposition

THOMAS O'HAGAN

Special Correspondent of AMERICA

THE wisdom of having two Spanish International Expositions—the one at Seville, in Andalusia, which is the heart of old Spain, and the other at Barcelona—at the same time may be perhaps questioned; yet the purpose and character of the expositions, in themselves very distinct, may justify the venture.

The Barcelona exposition is international, and, in a measure, inter-continental, for one of the finest exhibits in the whole exposition is that of Japan. For the first time the Orient competes with the Occident, and very successfully, too, along certain lines, especially in *de luxe* silk wear for ladies and the delicate and naive work of china painting. Many of the Japanese men and women in charge speak English fluently; some of them hailing from London, England, where they have spent some years and succeeded in capturing the English accent, even to its local undulations.

Forty years ago Barcelona had a universal exposition. The late Doña Maria Cristina, mother of King Alfonso XIII, was then Queen Regent. She was a wise mother and sovereign, very much beloved by the people. But within those forty years—almost a half-century—Spain has awakened, and her progress today is attracting the attention of the world. But, if within the last few years Spain industrially and intellectually has been stepping forward with a goodly pace, Barcelona has even bettered this progress.

The capital of Catalonia, now, without a doubt, the most beautiful and modern city in all Spain, ranks today

with the finest cities in Europe. Here in the park, Montjuich, the great International Exposition has its setting. Its amplitude at once strikes the eye. It is set upon a hill, with ravines, rustic bridges and bosage in profusion. Crowning all is the National Palace which has held this conspicuous place for many years. Here the student of medieval Spain, and Spain at the heights of her glory, will turn his footsteps and linger—over the great tapestries that adorn the spacious halls and tell of the ancient grandeur of the Iberian Peninsula—over the red-lettered missals and bibles transcribed by monks before Salamanca University, a contemporary of Bologna, Paris and Oxford, had a name, or instructed its thousands—over the gold-wrought vestments of Bishop and Cardinal—over the beautiful and significant lifelike statues, in golden relief and splendor, which in form of tableau on a stage, represent the reception of Christopher Columbus, after his first voyage of discovery, by Ferdinand and Isabella at Barcelona.

I must confess that I was surprised to find such a wealth of copied manuscripts of the Middle Ages, housed in this National Palace of Barcelona. The finest collection of missals, the patient and tasteful work of monks and friars, is perhaps to be found in the library of the Siena Cathedral, in Italy. There is also some very fine work of this kind to be seen in the Bodleian Library.

In the golden age of Spain, when she had reached out her arm in conquest over a goodly part of the continent, her warring knights charged to the cry of Santiago de Compostella—in these stirring years Spain had an army not equaled by that of any other country. There is a fine representation of these mail-clad knights in the National Palace. In paintings, the two great Spanish painters, Goya and El Greco, are represented by several masterpieces; but I found nothing of the incomparable Velasquez here. As might be expected, the exhibit of locomotives, automobiles and airplanes is overwhelming—nay baffling. In these, France and Germany share generously. A whole pavilion is devoted to an exhibit of household decoration and appointments and the latest modes in ladies' dresses by France. The whole exhibit reveals wonderful taste, and stamps the land of St. Genevieve and St. Louis as really the country, par excellence, of *de luxe* taste and style as applied to life and living.

Smaller countries like Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden have, too, very creditable exhibits. The Swiss exhibit is a blaze of watches and clocks; Norway shows some interesting country costumes and of course its supremacy in the ski; while Denmark shows the instruments necessary to steal a march on the whale, the porpoise and the seal, in Greenland waters. Norway exhibits a fine portrait of St. Olaf, King and Saint, who was crowned at Trondhjem, the ninth centenary of whose death will be celebrated in Norway next year.

No person visiting the exposition should fail to see the "Pueblo Español,"—the Spanish village which is an excellent miniature of life in a Spanish village. Like the National Palace, this requires a special ticket. The entrance to the exposition is, however, but two pesetas

plus ten centesimos, or about thirty-two cents. This is cut down fifty per cent on Sundays and holidays. While the cost of living in Spain is for the American or Canadian, because of the exchange, more than in France or Italy, it is little more than half the cost of living in America or England.

The great feature in the Spanish village is the music and the dancing. The shops which line the streets of the village are typical "tiendas," where the village folk carry on their daily vocations; and, where of course refreshments may be had at a fair and nominal sum. To the credit of Barcelona and the Spanish people there is little profiteering. I have experienced nothing but absolute honesty in every quarter.

Of course the Catalonians are Catalans first and Spaniards afterwards. They differ entirely from the Andalusian. I hope to deal with the difference and the genius of the people in another letter.

In the Spanish village there is a small theater or hall with a very spacious platform for dancing. The Spanish dancers need space, especially when a caballero and senorita dance vis-a-vis with castanets. All dances reveal national character, but the Spaniards, in particular, unmask their racial souls when they indulge in the terpsichorean art. In some of the Provincial Spanish dances there is, however, I think, a little too much movement of the arms. I think the most graceful dancing in the world is to be found among the Bretons. The writer has seen them dance in their great national festival at Pont-Aven. They move like swans.

The artistic setting of the whole exposition of Barcelona quite surpasses that of any other world exposition that the writer has ever seen. The landscape gardening at the Panama exposition in San Francisco, in 1915, was very fine; but the use of light and the playing of fountains has been a perfect triumph here at Barcelona. Then the hundreds of crystal pillars lining the walks and promenades, when lit up at night, are a joy to the eye and a transcendent delight. Everywhere here you meet with the greatest courtesy, showing that the chivalry of Spain has not yet gone out.

THE BERRY-PICKERS

Into the hours, into the sun
The berry-pickers go—
And some like laughing children run
To wake the valley lanes with fun,
All eager till the work be done—
But some are slow.

For some must toil with aching hands
To push the thorns apart,
To clear the berry-covered lands
In dreary groups, in weary bands—
And dream that no one understands
A weary heart.

O nimble finger-tips that bled
Where the long light falls—
Beside the cruel, spiny bed
I've listened and the torn wind said
Why the berry boxes burn so red
In the market stalls!

THOMAS BUTLER.

Three Cheers for the Sleuths!

JAMES WILLIAM FITZ PATRICK

THESE are bristling times. Statesmen are seeking for the serum which will render mankind immune from the war bug. Innumerable male and female Archimedes are hopping out of the bathtub into the lime-light shouting "Eureka!" Whole-hog-or-none zealots are determined to eradicate the last vestige of pugnaciousness from men and nations. Everywhere the fight for peace is being waged. Yet no one has done a thing about the proverbs in the back of the dictionary.

The danger of another world conflict over disputed boundary lines is just as plain as that the exclusive right to sell tippets in Thibet or the monopoly in spats in Senegambia may hold in themselves the spark which will incinerate the world. But no one considers the fact that individuals may fly to fisticuffs over a wise saw about whose meaning they cannot agree. We have Geneva and The Hague already. What is really needed is a High Court for the Adjudication of Disputed Apothegms. And if we cannot have that let us at least establish a Donnybrook Foundation for the Settlement of Universal Wise-cracks.

Who can name the next victim of this omnipresent threat to peace at home and abroad? Only last week I was savagely attacked by an old friend over such a trifle as *De gustibus non est disputandum*. I insisted that this piece of good advice freely translated meant that because I like my eggs done upside down and he liked his done good and brown he was not justified in impressing the superiority of his choice over mine by bombarding me with coffee cups across the breakfast room in the Automat. My erstwhile friend vociferated that the proverb should be translated: "There is no accounting for tastes," which is a gross error in scholarship and altogether false in fact. You and I know that any taste can be accounted for and that most of them should be accounted for strictly. It is simply a matter of keeping the eye peeled and the brain working. Fads, which are nothing but tastes run amuck, are not spontaneously generated. They are the direct growth of the seeds of snobbery and false ideals constantly watered by the hose of advertising terrorism.

Take the fad for cleanliness for a sample. Have you seen the picture in the magazines of the beautiful matron who stands neglected in her Newport garden; or her male counterpart, young Marvin, rich and socially prominent, who sits like a distorted Casabianca, on the burning beach whence all but he had fled? Surely you have been introduced to the lovely lassie with the ukelele who is "outdoors adored and indoors ignored!" If you haven't encountered these horrible examples it is because you haven't turned over enough pages.

At first blush you might imagine that some religious organization was conducting a campaign to make people godly by first making them cleanly. But if you will follow the reading matter attached to the exhibits through

to the bitter end you will decide that the taste for scrubbing up is not due to any praiseworthy impulse like the desire for health or self-respect or comfort. Not at all. If you are clean you will get a reward. You will not have to spend the moonlit evenings alone among the hollyhocks, you will get into the parlor before you die, and you will have someone else besides Old Sol to keep you company at the seashore, provided you buy a cake of a certain kind of soap!

Prizefight impresarios are not ordinarily listed as psychological experts. They are, however, worldly wise, cynical analysts of human conduct. Any of them, or all of them, will tell you that the present taste for boxing matches is due to the elementary process of "smoking up" the bouts.

The only taste I know of which cannot be accounted for on the score of publicity is the significant and happy boom in mystery and detective stories. Even the book-sellers were asleep to the possibilities until they became actualities. Your Crime Club and all the rest are fine examples of *ex-post-facto* reasoning. There was no ballyhoo in the interest of Dr. Thorndyke or Colonel Granby. To have read the amazing adventures of these charming people was never labeled in the press as the infallible sign of "smartness." No one had it flung in his eye that if he knew "A Silent Witness" or "The Six Proud Walkers" he could, on the strength of the acquaintance, get into the "best circles" or "meet important people." No scarehead advertising ever told him that five treatments by "The Insidious Dr. Fu Manchu" were guaranteed to change a polecat into a peony. Yet peaceful citizens have been known to knock other peaceful citizens galley-west merely for coming between them and the latest output of Dr. Freeman, Mr. Rohmer, and Mr. Beeding in the book-renting shops. The worst rap spiritualism ever got, to my personal view, was when it induced Conan Doyle into the silences and short-circuited Sherlock-Holmes from the world.

The psychoanalysts will break in at this point to say that suppressed desires coupled with the hunter complex are responsible. The boy is father to the man, he declares, and for most boys Old Cap Collier and Nick Carter, with his indomitable assistants Chick and Patsy, were on the parental *index expurgatorius*. That desire, suppressed or at best insufficiently satisfied, behind the woodshed or between pages of the arithmetic book in the schoolroom has simply been revived once the age of respect for authority has been left behind. There may be something in the theory but not enough. The age of respect for authority has been non-existent for more than one generation. Neither will the hunter complex set at rest the doubts of the seeker after the truth.

Normal persons in real life have a kind of shamefaced sympathy for the wrongdoer. Whether this is due to the promptings of the still small voice warning us "There

but for God's grace go we," or because law-abiding citizens have little inclination for a seat in the sheriff's posse, I don't pretend to know. But I do know that many a man who would not add his whisper to the general outcry "Stop thief!" will sit up half the night to clap the handcuffs on the wrists of a fictitious thief who has stolen the hypothetical emeralds of a purely supposititious grand duchess.

There is a good deal to be said for the appeal of the detective and mystery yarns on the ground that in them the story *per se* is the important thing, not "fine writing." There is no pause for flights of description or for frenzies of poetic fancy when the hunt is up. Once "Yoicks" is shouted, action, suspense, and actuality are the hounds that bell, not word-pictures and elaborate characterizations and irksome musings about cabbages and kings and sealing wax. But one of the two great reasons for the popularity of the "shocker" is that it affords a means of escape from "the dull mechanic exercise" of living and the "cares that infest the day." Get hold of a two-hundred-and-fifty-page book about a good, gory murder committed preferably by a slinking Oriental, fix the lamp so that eye strain is eliminated, climb into bed and see whether the stalking tax collector can crawl in after you. What butcher or baker or landlord can distract your vision to his overdue accounts once you have caught sight of the simple Kentish maid imprisoned in the superheated roomful of snakes by the fishblooded scientist with the formula for destroying the world in his inside pocket? Even the fearsome thought of the racing electricity meter cannot stay your stern purpose of seeing behind bars the gang of Bolsheviks who have stolen the Foreign Office dispatches from the cigar case of the King's Messenger, and who, unless they are locked up before morning, will plunge the world into another conflict from which what is left of humanity will emerge in red flannel underwear. No matter how ill-lucked the day that is done, no matter how dreary the prospect of the morrow, no matter how grouchy the boss has been and how inappeasably petulant the customers, you don't care a lick. You are sitting bolt upright, hair on end, dripping icy perspiration following the fight between good and evil, between God and Beelzebub, and between heaven and hell in a spooky tale like "The Shadowy Thing." You cannot hear, or you ignore, the irritated advice clamored at you from other members of the household to put out the light and go to sleep.

The other reason for taste in the literature of mystery is that it furnishes a weapon to the social revolutionist who is in arms against all works and pomps of Feminism, and particularly its pet devilry, the harping on sex as the only fact of life.

In their endeavor to get their question before the house of the world it was necessary for the protagonists of the cult to do certain preliminary spade work. All the accepted traditions had to be destroyed, all the recognized conventions annihilated, all the reticences of speech and action wiped out. The old idea of marriage, the even more ancient ideal of the home, all the rational relationships of human intercourse had to be interpreted anew.

The main idea was to kick the censor off the threshold so that free access might be had for the spirits of mischief to enter in. It is not strange that among the invited guests to the affair was Ashtaroth with her pen-pushing ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting. The results were not slow in making themselves apparent.

The "scientific" outpourings of the gospeleers of Feminism, with their charts and plotted curves and dives into the depths of biology, could not hope to exert any pronounced effect on the mind of the man in the street. No one knew what they were all about, especially the heavy thinkers who sent them forth. John Jones failed to respond to the proof that his wife was a better man than he because Ellen Key or Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman or Lester F. Ward yelled the theory of the Gynecocentric Theory of Life in his ear. But if Mr. Jones by an intensive course of light reading could be brought to the properly feminist conclusion that his sex is equal to his wife's because it is inferior biologically, economically, and sociologically, then a fresh convert to the horde had been won.

So the channels of fiction were seized upon, consciously or unconsciously, as the most effective means for spreading the Great Corruption. There was no need to pay much attention to the stage and its handmaiden the cinematograph. The theater has always been full sister to the brothel and always will be. No time had to be wasted sowing the devil's seed in that fertile field.

At first we had the novels concerned with the infernal triangle. From then on, the slide to Avernus was steady and rapid. Triangulation having exhausted its appeal the feminist literateurs proceeded, or descended, according to your view of the higher mathematics, into the octagons and the hexagons and from there into the differential and integral calculi of sex. From philosophy to pornography and on to perversion, from decadence to degeneracy they went. Sex was under the feet of the reader, in his nostrils, in his waking and his sleeping moments. He was fed it morning, noon and night. From every nook and cranny of the world of the tale spinner it shrieked out to him. It popped its malodorous head up in the most unexpected places and leered at him from the highest-browed environments. He was no more safe on the mountain tops of romance than he was in the streets of realism. The serene countryside, the hustling city, the halls of legislation, the aisle of the church, children and oldsters, men and women, the fish and the fowl, the birds and the beasts and the elephant's trunk were all infected until it seemed that if the bottom of the slide had not been reached then truly God help us.

Then when the night was darkest and the stench most terrible came the angel of light to open up the windows and let the fresh air in. From New Scotland Yard and from Central Office they marched against the common criminal. Deputy inspectors and plain-clothes men, sleuths amateur and sleuths professional, professors and doctors and gentlemen idlers they came in myriads. Father Brown was followed by the "stickit" priest who turned from one way of combating evil to another and who, in "The Corpse on the Bridge," not only traced

out the murder with nothing to go on but the pair of monastic socks on the dead man's feet, but in the tracing found a chance for as touching an exposition of genuine Catholic trust in Almighty God as you'll encounter in a day's walk.

And the harried reader, fed to the teeth with sex and all its side dishes, has greeted his saviors with shouts of ac-

claim. He has flocked to the banquet they offer to his starvation, eager for the change in diet. Maybe some of the cures for the disease are a little difficult to swallow. What of it? They leave no bad taste in the mouth afterwards. Some of the meat may be tough, some of it may be raw, some of it even done up in the hateful form of literary hash. But thanks be to God, it isn't tainted.

Two Hearts That Beat As One

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

THE two chief Pope-baiting organs, the *Forum* and the *Fellowship Forum*, proceed along different lines. The object of each is the same: to add as much as possible to the world's fund of ignorance about the Catholic Church, to increase as much as possible the world's store of hatred, and direct it as strongly as possible toward that Church rather than some other harmless and virtuous institution. The *Fellowship Forum*, however, appeals to the distinctly low-browed; the *Forum* to the vacuous educated, who consider themselves to be high-browed. Therefore the tactics have to differ.

The main difference is that the *Fellowship Forum* is frankly undignified, a good bit of a rowdy. Therefore the vacuous among the educated will not read it; it offends their curious idea of good taste. They prefer the *Forum*, which is frankly "dignified." I put the word in quotation marks because it is one you often hear applied to the *Forum*. There is some vagueness about the application of this word *dignity*, as there is about many good usable words which go to make up deficiencies in small vocabularies. In this case it might be well to look at the word; in fact, to look behind it; a thing which it is quite unfashionable to do with any of these serviceable vocabulary-filling words.

The *Fellowship Forum*, then, if it got into a street quarrel with another, would dash its hat on the ground, dance, stick out its tongue, brandish its fists, and yell: "Yah! you're a liar!" The *Forum*, if it became involved in an argument on a street corner, would look mildly at its opponent and say in even tones: "I regret to inform you that your mendacity is abysmal and cavernous." You see the difference? This is dignity. The *Forum* and the *Fellowship Forum* differ in "dignity," but so far as their object is concerned, they get there just the same. The chief difference is that the *Forum's* "dignity" deceives the vacuous among the educated, while the *Fellowship Forum* not only deceives nobody about its hatred and its rage but makes no hypocritical attempt to do so.

Another distinction—those who suffer from small vocabularies always call it a "difference"—between the two conservators of bigotry is that the *Fellowship Forum* puts on no disguise of "fairness." I again use quotation marks; I use the word so that the vacuous among the educated may understand the pose I refer to; they have no other word for it. The *Fellowship Forum* is no humbug; it is almost offensively honest about its malignity. It struts forth on the thoroughfares dressed in crimson,

waving a torch and gnashing its teeth, and yells: "Show me the dirty liar that says I'm fair and I'll knock his block off! I ain't fair and I can lick the guy that says I am! I hate the damn papists with every nerve that's in me, see?"

But the *Forum* does not act like this; if it did, the vacuous among the educated would say: "Why, the *Forum's* manners are unseemly. One should be fair even to the slaves of Dagon," and would—what is more to the point—buy some other magazine. So the *Forum* puts on a silk hat and steps forth into Main Street and says: "Good people, I shall now act as arbiter in the case of Mankind vs. The Hellhounds of Rome. Be assured that the truth is my only object. Come, let us reason together, as man to man."

Thereupon the vacuous among the educated are awestruck, and say one to another: "Lo, a Daniel come to judgment. How stupendously reasonable, above all how fair, how fair!"

The *Forum*, proceeding along its carefully worked-out itinerary, follows this method. First it publishes an article proving that the Catholic Church is an even more hellish institution than the Grand Wizard suspects. The vacuous among the educated, whose "good taste" has been somewhat offended by the rowdy manners of the Klan and the *Fellowship Forum*, and who have begun to feel a little uneasy, read it and are comforted; after all, Titus Oates was right; we remember now, we always thought there was a Popish Plot somewhere behind the arras.

The *Forum's* next move is to invite a Catholic to write an article denying that there is any Popish Plot. "Of course, he'd say that," muse the vacuous-educated. "But there must be something in it. Where there's so much smoke there must be fire. I remember now that my grandfather told me Catholics were public enemies. Oh, and there was the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. But how fair, how fair, for the *Forum* to give them a chance to pull the wool over my eyes if they can. Now, the *Fellowship Forum* wouldn't do that."

However, let us examine "fairness" again; though fairness is another of the vocabulary-supplying, abracadabra words that are never examined. Let us do it by illustration. Suppose that I were an upright man of irreproachable private and public life, with no mortal sins and not many venial ones on my soul. Suppose the *Forum* should print an article—"dignified," "fair," "temperate," and

even "judicial" in tone—demonstrating in impartial polysyllables that I was a rake and a thief, corrupt in public life and debauched in private. Readers who did not know me would be impressed. They would have no means of knowing that there was not a word of truth in the whole high-sounding farrago of "dignified" slander, set forth in the indictment.

Suppose, further, that the *Forum* then invited me to reply, setting forth what I had to say in answer to the indictment. If I accepted the invitation I would write an article denying that I was corrupt, debauched, or given to larceny. The vacuous would read it and say: "Of course, he'd say that. But how, how fair, of the *Forum* to give him a chance to defend himself! Now we know the whole story. Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire. And now that I bethink me, I remember hearing that there was something queer about that man. I think my grandfather told me so. And he was a wise old gentleman."

The *Forum* and the *Fellowship Forum*, between them, catch 'em coming and going. There are plenty who do not like "fairness" and "dignity"; they want their meat served raw. The *Fellowship Forum* catches those who have the tastes of Bosco, he who "ate 'em alive"; the *Forum* catches those who like their poison served in marion glacés. Gluttons for gore and dainty-fingered tasters of bonbons, the *Fellowship Forum* and the *Forum* get them all. Not a nice business, this, but between the two, all classes are served.

The *Forum* is the more artistic of the brothers, and in one sense the more successful. It really does deceive its readers, while the *Fellowship Forum's* readers are probably not really deceived. That is, the *Fellowship Forum's* readers sit down to their banquet fully prepared to sup on horrors, and if they have any misgiving it is only the fear that the *Fellowship Forum* may have held back part of the truth; surely the Catholics must be more diabolical than their journal charges. The *Forum's* readers, however, are buncoed into believing that they really are called on to sit as a jury in the case of the Catholic culprit, with the *Forum* sitting in grave impartiality as the trial judge and giving "fair play" both to plaintiff (mankind) and to said defendant (the Scarlet Woman of the Seven Hills).

So successful is the *Forum* in its role of bogus arbiter that other magazines have paid to it that tribute which is the sincerest form of flattery. But they attract no attention; they are amateur assassins of reputation and honor, bunglers, outclassed by the expert. My advice to them is to give it up and leave the *Forum* in its own field, wherein it never can be equaled, much less surpassed. No mere imitator of a great artist, even if the art be only that of character assassination, can achieve anything but impatient derision.

The *Forum* and the *Fellowship Forum*, Pecksniff and Bill Sikes. As between the poisoned candy and the bludgeon, tastes will differ. I prefer the bludgeon. I like Sikes better than Pecksniff; but Sikes died young and Pecksniff lived on, rich and successful, past the middle age.

Why Tokyo?

MARK J. MCNEAL, S.J.

THE world-girdling airship came to its moorings over the city of Tokyo. This was front-page news for all the big dailies; heavy headlines and maps featured it as a matter of special interest. No wonder, for it was an achievement in the realm of science and of human endeavor and adventure worthy of lasting remembrance. But why was the terminus of this epoch-making flight the city on the insignificant Sumida River at the head of a bay which affords good anchorage for no big ocean liner!

The obvious answer is that Tokyo, being the Imperial City of Japan, is one of the world's great capitals and quite worthy of the choice made by the aerial navigators.

This answer is more obvious than satisfactory. How did Tokyo become one of the world's great capitals and how long has she been such? Fifty years ago Tokyo was a typical Oriental city, slow-moving, moribund, picturesque, a city of dreams. It was the capital of an artistic and interesting people, dwelling beyond the confines of civilization and making frantic and awkward efforts to adopt the more salient elements of Western life from shoes and forks to top hats and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. It was the seat of a monarchy, as new to its position of actual power in the country as it was new to the circle of diplomatic relations. It was by no means the biggest of Oriental cities in point of population or commerce. As an Oriental capital it was easily overshadowed by the mere bulk and antiquity of Peking. Benares, not to mention Calcutta and Bombay, were more in the world's eye. Among world capitals it simply did not rank.

What brought it to its present position? It is easy to say that the victories over China, "the mightiest of Eastern thrones," and over Russia, "the mightiest of Christian thrones," to quote DeQuincey, tell the whole story; but they do not. Those victories were not won by guns and ships and numbers, merely. China and Russia had all of these in act or potency to an extent that might well have appalled Japan. China and Russia jointly or singly had wealth and resources and brawn and brain enough to overwhelm the Island Empire; they have it now. But far from overwhelming her they did not terrify her. Rather she struck such terror into them and such a respectful consideration into the rest of the world that when Europeans decided to wreck their own civilization, both sides were eager from the first to enlist the adherence of the Sunrise Land and the side that enlisted it ceased to worry about commerce destroyers in the Pacific. Togo and Nogi were not forgotten. Japan sat at Versailles among the Big Five. Tokyo became one of the world's great capitals and ranked with Paris, London, Washington and Rome as the worthy terminus of a world flight or the suitable stage for any other world event.

But Togo and Nogi do not explain the phenomenon, nor do the ships of the former nor the guns of the latter, nor the combined military and naval genius of both. Equally vain is it to fall back on the mysterious but mean-

ingless phrase "Oriental diplomacy." China and Russia had each of them a sufficiency of that to drug the plenipotentiaries of the upstart islanders into insensibility. Even at Versailles, Japan was not found peculiar "for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain."

There was something behind Nogi and Togo as there was behind Japan's representatives at Versailles and at Washington, that explains them and their success. It was not guns or gold or guile. Without it the guns had never been made or mounted, to say nothing of their being aimed and discharged. Without it the gold had never been gathered on a basis of national credit, for it never came out of the soil of Nippon. Without it Japanese guile would have been child's play for the diplomats of Peking or those that sat at Portsmouth or "the old men in a room" at Versailles.

This thing behind the guns and the gold and the guile is well known to every Japanese Admiral and General and Ambassador and financial agent. It is the indomitable courage and unhesitating patriotism of the Japanese people; a courage and a patriotism that are not matters of emergency and emotionalism in wartime only, but of unflagging urge and energy in time of peace. No one who has lived in Japan can fail to realize it. No one who has not lived there will believe in its existence. "It is discredited as a traveler's tale."

The Japanese are not a hard people. Indeed they are so sensitive as to appear in some things rather soft. They are not a hardy people if we measure them by death rates and health statistics and athletic records. But under all their delicate estheticism, under all their velvet courtesy behind the paper walls of their flimsy bungalows, one feels there lives something that has the tenacity of tempered steel, it is that *Yamato damashii* that "soul of Japan," of which Japanese writers so often treat. It is this which is behind that peace-time patriotism which has built up the workshops and the banking institutions and the laboratories and the universities of Japan. This has put Tokyo in the rank of world capitals and brought the Zeppelin to its skies.

It is good for minds blunted with conceit, hearts sodden with comfort to contemplate such a phenomenon. The airship's course marks not only a line of physical and scientific achievement. It follows and indicates the inevitable magnetic force exerted by courageous souls.

ECSTASY

Was this soft light of star-dust given me!
This tiny scrap of me against my breast;
This miracle a million times caressed—
My heart is wild with wonder this should be.
O little life, my dream and ecstasy,
Of all things on the earth you are the best.
You cannot know how long has been my quest
For you, sweet flower, to fill life's vacancy.

Oh toddle, little wonder child of mine,
Into the golden meadow of my dream,
Where happy stars watch over you and shine
Across the years that in the distance gleam.
Yet I would keep you here, always apart,
Fearing the world may take you from my heart.

JOHN LEE HIGGINS.

Sociology

Chains and Slavery

P. L. B., S.J.

SLAVERY, like chains, is of many kinds. Within the memory of men now living, Africans were put on the block, and sold to the highest bidder. Thereafter, in theory at least, they were at the mercy of the purchaser. Practice, however, modified this theory considerably. Ulrich Phillips has shown us that Harriet Beecher Stowe was incurably romantic. She did not write a history of slavery as she knew it, (and to do her justice, she never pretended to be an historian) but a pamphlet with a purpose. It is one of the most marvelous pamphlets in all history, this "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but whether it was not responsible for bringing to an end through a devastating war what would have been settled in time by the movement of economic forces, is a point open to question.

The other sort of slavery is the slavery brought into existence and maintained by the unjust wage. The employer does not legally own—as he might own a house or a horse—the wage slave. When dissatisfied with his position, the wage slave is usually, but not always, in possession of the physical liberty to pick up his small traps and move on. He will not be pursued by bloodhounds, as Eliza was, nor will he be forced to cross the Ohio on teetering blocks of ice. His pursuers will be destitution, starvation, and disease.

The modern slavery does not disqualify at the polls. But it does deprive the worker of human rights that are of infinitely greater value. The modern slavery can prevent the wage earner from marrying. It is responsible for the thousands of men and women who remain unmarried, not of their free choice, but because the wages of one will not support two, much less three. It is responsible, in large part, for small families, and for starving families, and for that modern abomination which insists that the father of the family must not be regarded as the sole family breadwinner. The newer concept, set forth with cool, deliberate intent by some employers of labor on a large scale, holds that the mother must engage in gainful occupation, and the children too. The family budget, such as it is, must be met by the combined wages of the lot. Hence the mother must leave the alleged home for the shop or the factory, and the children must be inured at an early age as possible to such tasks as can be borne by slaves of tender years and delicate physical powers. Hence, again, a complaisant State must refrain from all "radical" legislation that can hinder the proper growth of industry and investments. Under this radical legislation are classed statutes which forbid child labor, and which prevent men from working sixty hours per week, and women from working at night; ordinances which require the employer to maintain healthful conditions; minimum wage laws, and laws which protect the right of workers to organize. Such ordinances and statutes tend to strike the chains from the wage slave, and are, therefore, supremely unwelcome to those whose chief purpose is to obtain larger returns on capital.

There is, then, the slavery of the Uncle Tom kind, and there is a slavery which is effected by "malefactors of great wealth," to use Roosevelt's telling and truthful phrase, whose single aim is to increase their wealth.

Writing nearly forty years ago (May 15, 1891) Leo XIII demanded that a remedy be found, and quickly, "for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and unjustly . . . on the vast majority of the working classes." The ancient guilds, the Pontiff observed, had been abolished and nothing had taken their place, and the ancient religion had been set aside. By degrees, the worker had been "surrendered, all isolated and helpless, to the hard-heartedness of employers and the greed of unchecked competition." His lot had been made harder by various forms of usury, by unjust contracts, and by the concentration of trade in the hands of a few individuals, "so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself." A philosophy of action had grown up which looked upon workers "merely as so much muscle or physical power" and thought it neither inhuman nor shameful to regard them as nothing but machines or "chattels to make money by." Grave injury to the State itself, to domestic society, and to the worker, had followed fast upon the refusal of capital to consider every man as an image of God, respected by God Himself, and therefore to be treated not with justice alone but with charity.

In some respects, possibly, the lot of the working classes has improved since 1891. But most of, if not all, the malign conditions denounced by Leo XIII, still flourish in this country. And they will not only flourish, but wax stronger, until justice and charity for the worker are accepted as absolutely necessary factors in industry, and in every phase of life.

The concentration of wealth in the hands of a few is perhaps the most outstanding economic fact in this country today. It is true that within the last few years an effort has been made by many corporations to distribute stocks and securities among a large number of holders. But it is also true that the ultimate control of this wealth still remains with the few, since the major part of the investment remains in their hands. One man, or two or three like-minded men, with fifty-one per cent of distributed wealth can control the others without difficulty. Usually they can do this, even without a majority holding. Furthermore, it is often the case that this widely-distributed stock is simply an investment which carries with it no voting power in the affairs of the corporation. Hence a corporation may indulge in the most pagan practices toward its workers, and the protest of share holders will be unavailing.

"Rapacious usury" is another of the chains mentioned by Leo XIII. It must be remembered that the demand from a needy borrower of an excessive rate of interest on a money loan is not the only form of usury. In my judgment, to exact an excessive rate of interest on any investment is also usury. The man who puts up a block of houses, adapted to the modest requirements of the worker, and exacts a rent which is equivalent to twenty

per cent annually on his investment, demands something to which, in my judgment, he is not entitled. Thus, in purchasing the very necessities of life, food, drink, transportation, clothes, and a roof over our heads, we may all be victims of usury. Usury is a combination of cruelty and theft. It is cruel to take advantage of a brother's misery (and every human creature is a brother, let it not be forgotten) and it is theft to compel him to give us that to which we have no claim in justice.

Much of the difficulty which every householder must solve in balancing his budget (if he can balance it at all) is due to a usury made possible by two things. The first is the control of wealth and of natural resources of wealth by a few members in the community. The next is the power of this combined wealth to fix the price of labor and of the necessities of life.

The result is slavery.

Education

An Epitome of School Law

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOME eight years ago I published in these pages (AMERICA, July 23 and July 30, 1921) two articles, "Some Documents on the School Question" and "More Documents on the School Question." These papers, as I observe on consulting my files, were written, "in response to numerous inquiries." That explanation is quite true. But the inquiries were prompted by some loose and exceedingly misleading remarks made by Catholics, one of whom (for reasons I have never been able to fathom) occupied a position which clothed his public pronouncements with a certain authority.

It was this gentleman who had written that it was high time we had some official document from the Church, stating her position in education. Apparently he did not know that when there was question of documents, we suffered from an embarrassment of riches. Had he protested that it was high time to give all these official pronouncements a publicity and an emphasis which, apparently, they had not received, I should have agreed with him. When the "inquiries" began to come in, it seemed fit and proper to do what was possible to supply this lack, and in the articles to which I have referred, copious extracts from Papal documents and from the Code of Canon Law were given, many of them for the first time, I believe, in English. These extracts have done yeoman service since that time, and it is highly probable that their republication in various magazines and weeklies has brought to many Catholics the knowledge that the Catholic Church actually has a law on the subject of education.

Now, as has been pointed out on various occasions, the laws and minor regulations which the Church has seen fit to adopt, in no wise infringe upon the right of parents to control the education of the child. Undoubtedly, that right is theirs. The Church not only admits, but vigorously defends it; and in these Hegelian days she is alone in that defense.

But no one can claim any right to do what is wrong.

Every right connotes a duty to use it solely in accord with certain objective standards. Reason and conscience, the law of nature and the law of God, must be taken into account as often as this, or any other right, is to be exercised. Otherwise, we have anarchy in the social as well as in the moral order. Further, while a right founded in nature cannot be destroyed by either the ecclesiastical or the civil authority, general or particular reasons may justify the imposition of certain conditions for its legitimate exercise, or even its temporary suspension.

But nothing in the law of the Church looks to a suspension, still less to the abrogation of the natural right of the parent to control the education of his child.

The first of the chief Canons on education (1113) reminds parents of their "most grave obligation to provide to the best of their ability for the religious and moral as well as for the physical and civil education of their children, and for their temporal well-being." As is clear, this is nothing but the restatement of an obligation founded in the natural law. The duty exists independently of the Church, and the Church merely explains what the duty requires.

The other Canons (1372, 1373, 1374, 1375, 1379, and 1381), state certain obligations incumbent upon the ecclesiastical authorities, and upon parents as members of the Catholic Church.

Religious and moral training must take "the chief place" in the training of the Catholic child (Canon 1372) and parents and all who take their place "possess the right and the grave duty" to give the child a Christian education. Canon 1375 affirms the right of the Church to establish schools of every grade; Canon 1379 states the obligation of the Bishops to promote Catholic education, and of the Faithful "to lend their aid, according to their ability, for the establishment and support of Catholic schools"; and Canon 1381 defines the right and duty of the Ordinaries to inspect the teaching of religion in the schools.

An ordinance, of prime importance at the present time, is found in Canon 1374.

Catholic children must not attend non-Catholic, neutral, or mixed schools, that is, such as are also open to non-Catholics. It is for the Bishop of the place alone to decide, according to the instructions of the Apostolic See, in what circumstances and with what precautions attendance at such schools may be tolerated, without danger of perversion to the pupils.

This Canon, again, is an extension of Canon 1113, which reminds parents of their "most grave obligation" to provide for the religious and moral welfare of their children. Except under the most extraordinary circumstances, they cannot fulfil this obligation if the child is entered at a non-Catholic school. When these extraordinary circumstances are thought to exist, recourse must be had to the Bishop. The judgment of parents and guardians may be at fault; but whether they are right or wrong, the decision does not rest with them.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that "*it is for the Bishop of the place alone to decide.*"

This rule may impose hardships in particular instances, but the same may be said of every rule and canon which sustains the fabric of civilization. The Church is not

unreasonable. Circumstances can and do exist which make the entrusting of Catholic children to a non-Catholic school a thing that can be *tolerated*. But certain guarantees, prescribed by the Bishop, in accord with the instructions of the Holy See, must always be secured. The Church is obliged to guard the Faith of even the poorest Catholic child, and as far as in her lies, she will permit nothing which can bring that child's Faith in jeopardy. As supreme in matters of Faith and morals, she demands that she be consulted in the education of the child, and that the law which she ordains to safeguard both parent and child, be fully obeyed. In no sense does she invade, or usurp, or destroy the right of parents to control the education of the child. But she does defend the equally undoubted right of the Catholic child to receive an education that is truly Catholic, and she does insist that the parental right cannot include the right to do something that is wrong—namely, to bring up the child as a pagan.

That the non-Catholic and, specifically, the American public school imperils supernatural Faith and every code of morals based upon it, is only too obvious.

Of the public school, Dr. Luther Weigle, of Yale, has said that in ignoring religion, "it conveys to our children the suggestion that religion is without truth or value. It becomes, quite unintentionally, I grant, a fosterer of atheism and irreligion." (*New York Times*, May 16, 1926). I am not unmindful of the work of many teachers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, who lose no opportunity of exercising a religious influence upon their pupils. But what they do is itself a confession that the system is essentially corrupt. It does not merely ignore religion, but deliberately excludes it. The religious-minded teacher may furtively and, as it were, by night, try to impress upon the child as essential to life something which that child's school ranks as of lesser importance than sloyd or community singing. That this casual addition can possibly give the child an adequate training in morals and religion, or even protect him against dangers to both, is incredible.

Furthermore, as Christianity falls away in this country, and as a thoroughly pagan philosophy of education strikes deeper root in our training schools and colleges, the number of teachers who will care to give even that crumb of religion to the child will become negligible. No religious tests for teachers can be imposed, except that, in many districts, while the teacher may be a Parsee, a pagan, an indifferentist, an atheist, or a fire-worshipper, she must not be a Catholic, or the Pope will be in Peavine Center before we know it. I suppose it can be said that, at present, most public-school teachers are Christian men and women who are forbidden by law to teach that religion has any place in life. I also suppose that, in course of time, most of them will be men and women who will not believe that it has any place in life.

Hence the pertinence of Canon 1374 was never greater. It must not be killed by silence. Were there no public-school system in this country, it might be ranked with Canons which refer to crimes and misdemeanors of so rare a vintage that only the most dusty of canonists has even heard of them. But as the public school exists in

every town and hamlet, it is a danger against which Catholics cannot be too often warned.

For the Catholic child must have a Catholic education. Normally speaking, he can obtain it only in a Catholic school. Therefore, to a Catholic school he must go.

Reasons to the contrary must be submitted to the Bishop who will assess them at their proper value. But the Catholic father may not, of his own motion, send his child to a non-Catholic school. He can undertake to decide the case with no more right than a blithe young Benedict in prospect can grant himself a dispensation to wed his Araminta who, poor wretch, is still a pagan.

With Scrip and Staff

JUST where the sceptical "dissolver" of religion comes out, is aptly put by Rabbi Goldstein, a well-known Zionist. Speaking recently on the role of the Jewish synagogue, the Rabbi declared:

The distinguishing characteristic of the synagogue has been the God idea and affection, implying the concept of an immanent and yet transcendent Being and secondly, the individual's relationship to God as direct, personal and immediate.

There is a tendency in some synagogue circles to dethrone Israel's classic God while offering an heir-apparent who is sickly, anemic and impotent. According to this new dialectic, the traditional concept is attenuated, God is identified with Israel, God is identified with humanity, God becomes a sort of social complex, one is left wondering who in creation God is. There is nothing left to pray to except an idea, nothing left to worship except a phrase. It is the menace of worshipping an intermediate Logos—words, phrases, in the place of an immediate reality.

I predict that belief in God will die out when the conviction of His immediate, personal, transcendent reality dies out.

There is a special interest in these words of a non-Christian as representing God in the exact language of traditional Christian philosophy. An immediate (or immanent), but transcendent Being, personal, with whom the individual enters into personal relations, is the concept of the real and living God, as opposed to the various substitutes offered by modern sceptics, who are not fools enough to deny any Divinity at all, yet whose minds are too confused and weak to conceive of God in His sublime reality.

THE latest monthly salad of scepticism is dished up in the September *Harper's* by our transatlantic professional pessimist, Mr. Aldous Huxley. According to him, it is just as rational to believe in many gods as in one God. "Monotheism and polytheism are doctrines equally necessary and equally true"—which means that we can scrap them both, and find the only reality in a "religion of Life." The curious thing about this dissertation is that it is all built up on one assertion, which is presented as infallibly true. "The only facts of which we have direct knowledge are psychological facts." But: "no psychological experience is 'truer' so far as we are concerned, than any other." This is self-evident to Aldous Huxley, therefore it is self-evident to the world.

In other words, instead of presenting the reader with some new, devilishly ingenious viewpoint, to set theologians and Fundamentalists by the ears, the writer takes

refuge in that Cave of Adullam for every mind discontented with the world as a normal intelligence reveals it: the cave of illusionism and scepticism. Once ensconced in this cave, in the mild company of the more consistently doubtful, but today somewhat retired company of early German and English subjectivists, the writer can spin his system as he wills.

AS a substitute for God, for religion, for life based on any kind of a rational plan, Mr. Huxley offers us "Life," with a capital L. "Turned against Life," he says "men have worshipped Death in the form of spirituality and intellectualism."

If Mr. Huxley's "Life" simply means the "time-stream," the Luna Park process of floating along with no aim but immediate enjoyment, then he is welcome to his notion. But how can he palm it off on a world that cannot, like Mr. Huxley, float in pretty gondolas, or pout in a pink-lined cave; but must struggle and work and suffer?

And if it doesn't mean that low sort of thing, but means something high and dainty, what does it come to but mere words? Precisely what Rabbi Goldstein said, with obvious common sense: "There is nothing left to pray to except an idea, nothing left to worship except a phrase. It is the menace of worshipping an intermediate Logos—words, phrases, in the place of an immediate reality."

The professional sceptic will of course complain that the Rabbi, or other people who take a natural view of things, object to novelty. But we do not object to novelty. I do not know about the Rabbi, but I do know I myself should be genuinely delighted if Mr. Huxley would dig up a new line of thought, just for the interest of studying it. What we do object to, is the opposite: presenting the old stuff simply in a slightly different form. You think a rocket will explode, and you find it is only the same old fire-cracker. The know-your-own-thoughts-only idea; the all-religions-the-same-stuff idea; the stream-of-life idea: these are well-worn numbers, new to *Harper's* subscribers, but which Mr. Huxley's contemporary philosophical wits in his home island would yawn over. And I believe that if Mr. Huxley were discussing them at Oxford, instead of selling them to the supposed American unsophisticates, he would yawn over them himself.

THERE was a time when science and logic were held over the believer's head by Huxley, Senior, as a club to smash idols with. Yet young Huxley will have neither. "Less loudly, indeed, than in the past, and less insistently, Science and Logic still claim, through the mouths of their professional spokesmen, to be able to arrive at the Truth. The claim is one which it is hard to justify." This abrupt rejection of the old weapon against God is itself a curious admission of failure; for if there is no proof from either science or logic for the value of the new recipe, what is there to take it on except young Huxley's say-so? And as he despises taking things on say-so's, we are "getting off just where we got on at," as the little boy said about the merry-go-round.

It is an admission of the fact, becoming more and more inescapable for the modern mind, that human reason

cannot be pressed into service against religion. Again the testimony of a non-Christian is apposite. Enku Uno, professor of the Imperial University, Tokyo, Japan, gave the following as his views of Catholicism, derived from Japanese students recently returned from Europe. His words were reported by the Fides Service:

I made the following observations, which, according to my viewpoint, are absolutely exact. Catholics have an ideal of life which is not opposed to reason or to generally accepted ideas, but in which these are united and receive the ardor and force of faith. In this rests the potent force of the attraction of Catholicism, its mission and its duty to lead. . . .

It is sufficient to reflect on the progress that Catholic knowledge has made from the time of Modernism, in the field of psychology, in the science of religion, in sociology and other branches of discipline. In this advance the intellectual world of Catholicism has been greatly enriched. Such developments naturally do not affect dogma but give new force to dogma, are a proof of its necessity, and render its action more profound. . . . Catholicism is a completely balanced logical religious system but at the same time a system of solid interior conviction, built on reasonable views.

When Japanese pagans get talking this way, no wonder that a British after-Christian, to use Devas' term, is made nervous at the sight of logic!

IF THIS is bringing too much Popery into a discussion, simply about God, then let us listen to another witness, who, though a Christian, could certainly not be called a Papist: the Rev. Dr. Joseph Beaumont Hingeley, who for twenty years was Secretary of the Methodist Board of Conference Claimants. "Optimism," says the Methodist *Christian Advocate*, "marked this man for her child. He never doubted right would triumph. The last leaflet which he sent to his friends after his retirement—which gave him an unexpected shock—listed a few of his blessings." Let us see how God, whose worship, according to Mr. Huxley, demands the "slow mangling and gradual murder" of the intelligence, appeared to an honest Christian. He lists "a few of his blessings":

(a) Our childhood home. In memory of father and mother it does not seem strange to me that millions worship their ancestors, or that Christians bend devout knees to "Our Father."

(b) Three score and ten years lived in the Best Age the world ever saw.

(c) Half a century of service in the Methodist ministry.

(d) Twenty-five years devoted to aged ministers and their families.

(e) The prospect of four years more work for these Best People on Earth.

(f) Our family—wife, daughter, five sons, a son-in-law, three daughters-in-law, and twelve grandchildren.

(g) Friends by the thousand.

Do not urge us to count our blessings. We can't. They are too many. Sometimes we wish we could count them; but sane thinking makes us rejoice that they are too many to reckon. So, while we chant, "*We Wish We Could*"; our antiphony is, "*We Are Glad We Can't*."

The dogmatic Huxley would say this is all an "illusion." But if Dr. Hingeley's blessings are an illusion, then is not Huxley's "religion of Life" an illusion? And is not Huxley himself an illusion, with not even an illusion to be thankful for?

Somehow, even from Huxley's point of view, Dr. Hingeley seems decidedly the winner in the race.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

Catholic Literature's Way of the Cross

FREDERIC THOMPSON

THE enterprise of Catholic publishers is not at fault, neither is the willingness nor art of the writers, nor the loyalty of Catholic readers responsible for the lack of a Catholic literature which with sheer bulk shall successfully oppose the literature of indulgence and decadence and scepticism. The reason for the dearth is inherent in the Faith; it is actually a sign of the Faith. It is a sign of the Cross.

The avowed object of Catholic life is to follow Christ. Now, as surely as literature, unless it is meaningless, is a reflection of life, Catholic literature has the same singleness of purpose as Catholic life. To follow Christ is the Way of the Cross. It is the story of the triumph of the spirit by the subjugation of the flesh. This is a stern theme for popular literature.

Can it compete for sales with, say, a story of a young man's winning of a pretty, or questionable, girl, or a tidy fortune, or both, or several, by deeds of strength and cunning? It can, of course, and it must! But the literature of the Faith will have to follow the Faith; it can never lead it. Its readers must already have the Faith in order to admit or understand the metaphysical and moral principles implicit in the Catholic writer's motivation of his characters. Such literature can never appeal widely to those millions who read for indulgence, to those who choose a book because it whets or satisfies vicariously various appetites and who seek in their reading escape, pre-digested day dreams typified by the conventional happy ending in which the hero having won the heroine, it is said or suggested that they both will live happily ever after.

As it precludes this conventional happy ending, borrowed from the fairy books, so also does it preclude, as Chesterton has often and aptly pointed out, pessimism: that pessimism popular with the sophisticated which falsely calls itself realism, practised locally by such writers as Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis, in which the writer and the reader gloat over a picture of lurid degradations and feel by comparison of themselves, miserable as they may be, with their fiction, quite well, thank you! The Catholic believes not alone in the agony on the cross, but also in the efficacy of the cross.

The two unquestionably great writers of Catholic fiction in our times, Sigrid Undset and Ladislav Reymont, aptly illustrate the Catholic's straitened path between hedonism and pessimism. Instance Sigrid Undset's trilogy, "*Kristin Lavransdatter*," which tells of a noble woman, though by no means a sinless creature in a sinless world, who bears her cross until she is lifted on it, spiritually, if not actually, above a world harrowed with vanities. And Reymont's "*The Peasants*," which so realistically portrays the never-ending struggle it is for good to triumph over evil. Both works are so alien to the facile faith in the efficacy of gratifying desires, or to the

faith in the triumph of evil, that they must be excluded from any hope of infiltrating the masses of those who hold the little faiths.

The average non-Catholic reader would be not delighted but the very opposite by a novel by Enid Dinnis, in which the principal character, an anchorite, suffers almost disgusting mortification, poverty, disease, and defeat: defeat, that is, as a worldly person might conceive of Our Lord's crucifixion as a defeat.

Even Catholic writers of "sweetness and light," who are frequently criticized for the saccharine taste of their stories to sophisticated appetites and who yet achieve probably the greatest popularity—thanks to the numbers of those blessed by the second and sixth beatitudes, the meek and the clean of heart—offer as a happy ending nothing more substantial as a rule than the peace that passeth understanding. Can this have the "punch" of a tempestuous gratification of passion for the reader who is reading under no compulsion? Obviously, not!

Henry Bordeaux, in "La Peur de Vivre," gives a clue to the reason why the Catholic writer's faith in the Way of the Cross, not only as an efficacious means of perfection but also as a practically inevitable prototype of the individual mortal life, is likely to make him, if not unpopular, at least not popular. He exposes the lengths to which people will go to try to avoid carrying any crosses, lengths even to queerness, curious perversions and introversions, and the sacrificing of dear ones. If people, therefore, will go to such extremes to avoid their crosses in real life, it is not reasonable to expect that they will select expositions of the Way of the Cross in fiction.

As a result, sometimes to a Catholic writer it seems as if all the editors of the general publications were in a vast conspiracy against him. Actually they are! But they are no more opposed to him, than he is, often without realizing it, opposed to them. The entire structure of their success is built on a materialistic philosophy. The idea of immolation is not only repugnant to them, but also dangerous to all the formulas on which their fortunes in fiction are founded.

Apropos of these, a sage of the modern short story has classified all plots as being of one or the other of two kinds: either achievement stories, or idea stories. By the first he means the simple formula of predicating that the hero or heroine wants something; this being determined, and the hero or heroine having been set wholeheartedly on the attainment of this something, various obstacles are thrown in their way (or his or her way) which string the story out to the desired length and keep the reader in pleasant suspense (anticipation, might be the better word, as the reader is quite assured by precedent that he won't be disappointed), then in the last paragraph, bam! socko! the punch! he or she or they attain their heart's desire; heart-throb, happiness; a million readers sigh wistfully and are relieved for a moment of the burden of reality. The idea formula is that the hero or heroine needs to have his or her eyes opened to some circumstances of his or her environment, then he or she, to paraphrase the current popular song, will see everything through rose-colored glasses.

Now, in assuming that these formulas are alien to Catholic Faith it is not our contention that Catholics are glooms, that pride of achievement and supremely happy moments are not open to them. We fully believe they have their full share of all these, and no doubt more than the average. But the Catholic takes them philosophically. He does not grind his teeth and give the go-getter's steely grin and say, "Ha, look at what I have accomplished; what a clever boy am I!" Conscious that he is but an atom in infinitude, that he is but a speck in a miraculous universe, and that, though he is sovereign of his will, things happen by a combination of circumstances far beyond his control, he or she is more apt to say a little prayer of thanks to God, or to Saint Jude, a patron of the impossible, or to some other friendly intercessor in the Divine order. Also a Catholic is a true realist, in that he does not recognize a happy event as being the key to happiness. Really, any attitude other than his is adult infantilism; yet it is the almost invariable attitude of the American magazines and publications that claim their readers by the millions. George Eliot in "Romola" described the point of view so well: "All who remember their childhood, remember the strange vague sense, when some new experience came, that everything else was going to change, and that there would be no lapse into the old monotony."

Not only does the Catholic know that Eden was lost by original sin, and that sin, however you may psychoanalyze it or phrase it, is still with us, but also he believes, as we have said, that the love of God, Eden in the life everlasting after this mortal life, is attained by expiation, by humility, by trial, by suffering. This would lead his happy endings to be the very opposite of the standard materialistic happy ending. His hero would be mortally humbled. His greatest triumph would be, not success in achieving his desire, but self-sacrifice: real, hard, disappointing self-sacrifice and not the brand that in the dénouement, turns out to be just the thing for obtaining present satisfaction. The full explanation of this is dangerous ground for the layman, as it treads progressively into the realms of mysticism, which is so variously and violently misunderstood by the violent.

Militant non-Catholics are inclined to froth at the mouth at this point and to hurl at the Faith the familiar shibboleths. They accuse it as the Bolsheviks accuse it, of being a soporific drug, or, changing the metaphor but not the import, a huge fossilized obstacle to progress. Their childish faith in the perfectionment of human happiness is outraged, and they naturally rise to defend it. Such defense usually consists in speaking loud and longest—leaving no room for the annoyances of the rebuttal. Actually this is what happens in most non-Catholic magazines. There is not a chance for a Catholic to be given the space to explain at anywheres near the lengths given to open and implicit denials of his faith, that the Church treasures character and not inventions as the source of progress, and that the outward forms of life, whether they be Timbuctoo or 42nd St. and Broadway, do not affect the drama of the individual soul in the working out of its place in the infinite. With long

and varied experience, and concern with more than mortal matters, the Church has seen cultures come and go, she has seen pass monarchs who promised their subjects temporal empires that would be marvelously rich, and she has been assailed from many sides; but she can honestly remember nothing to equal her matchless saints, or no heritage of beauty greater than she leaves as the trail of her garment on the earth.

The very fact that the Church is the treasure house of the Word, precludes her writers from making many words and wild guesses. On the other hand, there are no limits to the wild statements that non-Catholics may make. These statements lead to annual discoveries that annually are replaced by the new batch of discoveries. In other words, there is a great turn-over in ideas. As a result, not only does this lead to numberless new books on new subjects, but also there is bound to be a certain exhilaration, a sense of novelty and astonishment, in such writings, that must, as a matter of degree, be missing from Catholic works. This novelty and license of course makes such books more appealing for those who are reading for the fun of it. Any publisher knows, as well as any newspaper man, that the wilder a statement a person will make, if he be a notorious person and with some wit and force to defend his statement, the more chance for ballyhoo and sales there will be.

Writings that escape the strictures of the Faith, though they may be written by Catholics and tempered with Catholic thought, are not truly Catholic. At best, they are simply innocuous. It is amusing to think that that one-hundred-per-cent American symbol of worldly success, "A Go-Getter," was evolved by a Catholic. This picaresque hero was certainly controlled by no motives remotely to be labeled as Catholic. In short, such stories simply fall outside our desideratum of a literature that shall express the Faith; it is not enough that they shall not affront it.

In summary, we do not feel that our conclusions should be discouraging to the Catholic writer, or prospective writer, of popular literature. They should save him from wasted effort. To begin with, as the editor of a Catholic weekly recently said to the writer, any one who writes to make money is foolish, as there are so many other ways of accomplishing this which are easier and far more remunerative; the only rational basis of a purpose to write is to be in love with a cause, to be a crusader ready to give one's life to the forwarding of a high enterprise. Even the latter basis should be tempered with reflective humility; no one possibly is more prone to illusions of grandeur than the writer. Having considered the limitations of the life, in our particular case of the Catholic writer's life, the writer may take up his work with tempered joy and untempered fortitude, sustained by a vision of a constantly growing and more cohesive flock bespeaking each other across the abysses between soul and soul. There is a need for him and a welcome waiting. And if he shall be the instrument of grace in winning to the Word even one or two readers, he may with satisfaction allow tens of thousands of potential circulation to pass him by.

REVIEWS

Europe: A History of Ten Years. By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

If you like the Chronicle in AMERICA, you will be delighted with Mr. Buell's contribution to contemporary history, since he does for the last ten crowded years, what this Review does for as many days. His well ordered facts written up in the easy, long-distance style of high-class journalism, are presented with an unusual sense of proportion. In this achievement, economy has been secured without the sacrifice of events or personalities so that the index of the book, full of such entries as the Treaty of Dorpat, Dobrudja, Zeligowsky and the Kapp Putsch, would make soft pickings for the editor of the "What Do You Know" column in the evening paper. The only notable omissions are Spain and the interesting Primo de Rivera. Why these have been ignored is not quite clear. Emotionally considered, Mr. Buell is as fair as popular historians ever are, though he likes England and Germany, loves Czechoslovakia, and does not appear overfond of France and Poland. In his treatment of the Catholic Church he is not exactly enthusiastic, but never surrenders his judicial attitude except in the matter of the recent Rome-Prague difficulties. The following is a fair example of his partisanship in dealing with this delicate question: "The Czech Government established hundreds of new schools in Slovakia in an effort to wipe out both the great prevailing illiteracy and to counteract Magyarization. The Slovak Clericals have intensely resented this intrusion on their previous monopoly." Such writing is simply unfair. Because Mr. Buell must know, as well as the rest of the world, that a small and violently anti-Catholic clique, given possession of the army and of all the political machinery of Czechoslovakia by President Wilson and other powerful influences at Versailles, had set about systematically robbing an overwhelmingly Catholic people of their churches and of their faith; that the campaign centered as usual on religious instruction in the schools; and that a measure of justice was achieved only after a bitter struggle on the part of the submerged majority. This chapter of the book, however, is exceptional and leaves the impression that a radio audience would have if, in the midst of a good program, they were suddenly to tune into WHAP. For Mr. Buell's program is good. His work is interesting and valuable and we sincerely wish that China were a part of Europe so that the bewildering cross-purposes in the Far East might be the subject of his lucid analysis.

R. I. G.

Losing Liberty Judicially. By THOMAS JAMES NORTON. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

There can be no doubt that in recent years judicial decisions, both State and Federal, have taken views of the national Constitution and interpreted its provisions in ways that to the Fathers would indeed be strange. More than once appreciation of this phenomenon has made thoughtful students of our Constitutional philosophy speculate on the outcome if the tendency be permitted to grow. To drive home this lesson is the purpose of this volume of Constitutional philosophy. While it will be best appreciated by those who enjoy a legal training, it will, nevertheless, afford profitable reading for all students of civics and government. After discussing the theory and purpose which the framers of the Constitution had in mind in planning out our Federal Government as they did, and particularly after a study of their notions of liberty, the author makes an examination of court decisions to determine whether our citizens have been protected judicially, as it was originally hoped the Constitution would protect them. He finds an invasion of State rights by the Federal Government, and of the duties of one department of Government by another very frequent, much of which is evident in our prohibitive legislation. Leading cases that bring out how the Supreme Court has upheld the usurpation of power and disregard of personal and property rights by Congress and State legislatures, are subjected to a rigid criticism. The author attributes the real cause of the evil to the general illiteracy of the public with respect to their Government and

their rights under it and against it. He advocates more intense interest in education along these lines, not that a good deal of time is not being spent in the classroom in the teaching of civics and kindred topics, but it is useless, the subject being often taught by people who themselves are ignorant of the nature of our Constitutional guarantees and the obvious purposes of Government. Moreover, an incompetent public press often undoes the work of the classroom. While in sympathy with the general thesis of the volume, many may disagree with Mr. Norton on some phases of his discussion. Indeed, the book may at times appear to prove too much, and imply a taboo of even necessary prohibitory laws. Moreover, it is a dangerous proposition that morals and politics may be separated; nor is the assumption of Mill's definition of liberty as a basis for discussion a felicitous one. W. I. L.

The Tragic Era. The Revolution After Lincoln. By CLAUDE G. BOWERS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00.

Another champion, the third within recent memory, has entered the historical lists to rehabilitate the fame and character of President Andrew Johnson, who, in Mr. Bowers' opinion, "fought the bravest battle for constitutional liberty and for the preservation of our institutions ever waged by an Executive." To rescue Johnson from "the pillory to which unscrupulous gamblers for power consigned him" 540 pages of "unvarnished truth" play havoc in a reappraisal of many of the public men of the twelve tragic years following the death of Abraham Lincoln. It sets out with much detail how intensely Lincoln was hated by the Radicals at the time of his death, and how, when Johnson honestly sought to carry out the conciliatory and wise policy of the martyred President, these same Radicals turned their enmity on him and shamelessly maligned him. It was a time when the elemental passions were rife in the political world, and, in the author's opinion, a unique condition of brutal hypocritical corruption existed. However, in spite of the prevailing note of tragedy "there was an abundance of comedy and not a little of farce," and the somewhat elaborate descriptions of the social background afford an unusual and very interesting record of the period, for which the author has made free use of the stories in current newspapers. "In these no Americans can take pride," he says. As in the two previous books dealing with President Johnson's career no attempt is made to explain, or excuse, his action in connection with the case of Mrs. Surratt. So much effort is spent in vindicating him elsewhere it seems strange that some evidence in his favor might be presented here also—if it can be done. T. F. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

World War Echoes.—There is a popular impression that during the World War the masses were tricked by subtle and systematic propaganda to a psychological attitude of enthusiasm for the cause that facts did not always warrant. Proof that this is not groundless is amply afforded in "Falsehood in War Time" (Dutton. \$2.00) by Arthur Ponsonby, a member of the British Parliament. Its purpose is to chronicle some of the more outstanding lies circulated throughout the nations during the terrible conflict. The volume is well authenticated and shows how of set purpose everything was used to deceive the unwary and to exploit the unsuspecting innocence of the masses. Mainly taken up with the shortcomings of Great Britain in the matter, a final chapter is devoted to the use of lies for war propaganda in Germany, France, the United States, and Italy. The reading of the volume cannot but weaken the esteem that the common folk have for their diplomatic representatives and Government officials, though one feels that were another war to upset the nations in the near future, the public would allow themselves as readily to be deceived as they did a decade ago, and the Governments and others responsible for the conduct of the war would be equally unscrupulous in their suppression of the truth, the doctoring of official papers, the manufacturing of news, the spreading of atrocity stories, the slandering of their foes, and the general interchange of accusations and recriminations between the contestants.

Commemorating their war dead, the alumni of Milton Academy have established a foundation for lectures dealing with the responsibilities and opportunities attaching to leadership in a democracy. The June 1929 orator was William Lawrence, and his speech has been published under the title "The New American" (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.00). After taking a survey of the developments of the nation in the past, Bishop Lawrence is especially concerned in answering for his audience the questions, "What sort of men and women are the boys and girls graduating this year from our schools and colleges going to be?" And, "of what stuff at the opening of the fourth century of America is The New American to be?" Optimistically, he pictures a liberty-loving, law-abiding group, thoroughly conscious of their social obligations, yet respecting individualism, considerate of their fellows, and not without faith in God. One hopes that the Bishop's outlook will not be a false prophecy, though even in his speech there are passages which suggest that he is painting too roseate a future. Occasional statements will be questioned by the thoughtful reader, such as the apparent denial of minority rights, and the assumption that all laws must unquestionably be obeyed: even the Bishop's ancestors thought and acted differently in 1776.

French Spirituality:—Abbé Rodolphe Hoornaert, translator of the works of St. John of the Cross, dominates from scholarly and poetic heights all that concerns the mystical theologians of the Carmelite Reform. "L'Ame ardente de S. Jean de la Croix" (Desclée, de Brouwer: Bruges, Paris) tempts to long quotation. "Christ, the intermediary between the human Nothing and the Divine All" . . . "The great impassioned spirits of history have wanted to transcend their humanity by breaking down all the barriers placed over the exaltation of the Ego: . . . St. John, passionate as they, to banish the Ego out of all refuge, and in a veritable storm of love to feel nothing, to have nothing, to know nothing, to be nothing—then to extend trembling hands to receive a little of the Infinitude of God."

Ch. Vandepitte, D.H.: "Conférences à la Jeunesse des Écoles" (Téqui, Paris): these three volumes, now in their fifth edition, are originally the conferences given in the course of twenty-five years apostolate in French Catholic schools "before the war." They represent largely the pastorality of a past epoch, and to this extent are interesting documents for those who wish to pursue the ever-interesting and important study of the characteristics, permanent or changing, of the Catholic schoolboys of France.

Msgr. Besson, Bishop of Nîmes, Uzès and Alais, biographer of Cardinals Mathieu and Bonnechese, was a pulpit orator in the authentic tradition of the French episcopacy. His conferences upon the Decalogue, preached at Besançon sixty years ago, have recently been edited in a sixteenth edition (two vols., Téqui, Paris.) In reading these periods which echo of Bossuet, one hears also the somber one which explains so much of what has since come to pass in French Catholic affairs.

With an imposing series of admiring letters as introduction, the Carmelites of Fontainebleau have edited the notes of seven Retreats made by Mère Elisabeth de la Croix, prioress of the Carmel of Meaux. They are largely woven of the "interior words" of her prayer. (Lethielleux, Paris, 1929).

Abbé Paul Giloteaux has revealed, in "Prêtre et victime" (Téqui, Paris), the simple life and beautiful soul of his brother, Abbé Léopold Giloteaux, who died but a year ago. The book is suffused with touching, if somewhat naive, brotherly affection. Abbé Léopold's spiritual notes, written in the mannerism of *vers libre*, have been synthesized into a *schema* of the mystical life. The precisions of the chapter upon "the state of victim" are worthy of the highest praise.

Canon Millot, Vicar General of Versailles, indefatigable writer and long a promoter of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, has gathered together, to the end of edification, a series of narratives centered upon Lourdes: "Une Histoire pour chaque jour du Mois de Marie" (Paris; Téqui).

Dr. Auguste Vallet, President of the Bureau of Medical Investigations, Lourdes, has composed a virile declaration of medical humility in his "Lourdes: comment interpréter ses guérisons" (Téqui, Paris). We should like particularly to honor the masterly synthesis of the last chapter, and to cite a passage upon "dead and living sciences." These last are those "animated with the life with which they wish to identify themselves, each in its proper fashion; dynamic, dancers in the rhythm of creation,—which is that drama written and staged by God, in which the atom acts with finished art, and at which the savant is merely the play reporter with open eyes."

"La Bonne Providence," by Canon Henri Morice (Téqui), is a modestly beautiful little book in the tradition of Caussade, and confirmed by a surer optimism. Philosophy is more and more tending to place accent on the concrete character of the real, and upon the individual as the terminus of Divine and human knowledge. Canon Morice insists upon the individual as the terminus also of God's love. The tone of the book is part of its doctrine, as one might expect when there is question of the author of "Pour vivre en beauté" and "L'âme de Jésus."

The "Catholic Mind."—Interest in the Liturgical Movement is growing day by day. In the issue of the *Catholic Mind* for September 8, Dom Virgil Michel, O.S.B., explains clearly the nature and purpose of the liturgical apostolate and shows its connection with Catholic Action. Other worth-while reprints in this issue are: "The Catholic Church and Woman's Freedom," by the Rev. J. B. Roper; and "For Mary's Birthday," a brief letter by the Archbishop of Madras, addressed to some of Our Lady's younger clients.

Religion Under the Microscope.—Religiously the English-speaking world is obviously sick. In "The Present Crisis in Religion" (Harper. \$2.50) the Rev. W. E. Orchard attempts to diagnose the patient's condition and prescribe a remedy. The analysis is good, and while the prescription is that of a moderate Protestant, even Catholics will welcome it as an effort to restore to the masses doctrinal religion and practices of piety, whose disappearance mainly accounts for the contemporary, unhealthy situation. The volume is orderly, thoughtful, and constructive. The author confesses to a deliberately pessimistic sketch of current religious shortcomings. He studies their causes and explains the criticalness of the situation. He then suggests as a remedy a reconsideration of Christianity which, he maintains, is alone adequate to human needs. While he does not give a full exposition of its dogmatic position, nevertheless, he does indicate that the Christian Church can stand every critical test, whether from science or philosophy, that can be brought against it. It is especially in his discussion of "the rehabilitation of the Church" that Catholics will find themselves at variance with Dr. Orchard. While generally sympathetic, even to the admissions that Protestantism has proved "a fissiparous and disrupted principle" and that Papal infallibility, the honor paid Our Lady, the fostering of asceticism, and similar Catholic practices, are far from being un-Christian, he is, nevertheless, unprepared to go the whole way with Rome. It is encouraging to find a religious writer so urgently advocating as the basis of contemporary social regeneration the necessity of personal sanctification, of prayer, devotional exercises, and public religious observances.

It is the thesis of Christopher Dawson in "Progress and Religion" (Longmans. \$4.00) that culture and religion are so intimately associated, that the vitality of a society and its unification are entirely colored by the beliefs of the people. It has become common to view the great world religion as products of the various civilizations that have succeeded each other. Mr. Dawson contends that the reverse is true; that in a very real sense the great religions are the foundations on which the great civilizations rest, so that once a society has lost its religion it becomes sooner or later a society which has lost its culture. In this connection he is at pains to show that the modern religion of "Progress," of which late philosophical and scientific schools have made so much, is a decadence rather than progression. The volume is

particularly insistent, and for this it has special significance and timeliness irrespective of its deflections from orthodox theological teachings, that the culture of Europe is essentially Christian, and that only a return to the Christian tradition will provide it with the necessary spiritual foundation for the social unification that it so urgently needs. A religious movement, he notes, which attempts to turn its back on the spiritual achievements of the last three thousand years is far more retrograde than any anti-scientific reaction to the historic religions of the past. The volume is a thought-provoking contribution to the history of religions and to the study of the relation between religion and culture.

Romance For Young Folks.—With Homer's *Odyssey* as the setting for her narrative, Helen Coale Crew writes a charming story for youngsters in "The Lost King" (Century. \$1.75). It has a real epic tang, and none of the interesting incidents that befell the returning Odysseus to Ithaca are omitted, though the authoress has not hesitated to call upon her own creative powers to make them more attractive and romantic for adolescents. The tale is narrated from the viewpoint of three small Ithacans whom Homer never knew, but who afford the child's atmosphere for its telling. Penelope, the persistent suitors, the devoted Telemachus, the faithful swineherd Eumachus, and the other familiar characters of the old Greek poem all move across the pages of the book, which has a charm that most modern stories for young people lack.

All types of mischief and every sort of innocent scrape that an early 'teener with his "gang" can get into are knitted together to make the very amusing tale which Mary Biddle Fittler tells under the title "Reddy" (Harper. \$2.00). Timid parents may be shocked at the first picture in the book and fear lest it prove an incentive to youngsters to steal away from home at night. Withal, the narrative is wholesome, and our boys and girls will get many a laugh out of Reddy's ingenious methods of meeting the difficulties that stand in the way of his making a man of himself and proving a first-class leader for the "Red Lions." Small boys do queer things and often take liberties that they should not, but these are frequently prompted by warm hearts, and most readers will be ready to forgive the indiscretions of Mrs. Fittler's little hero and his pal, Stocky Gardner, even as the latter's father proved forgiving and felt proud of him when he first became aware of his boyish adventures.

Rupert Sargent Holland is felicitous neither in the hero nor the content of his volume, "Drake's Lad" (Century. \$1.75). Buccaneer and pirate, Sir Francis Drake has little of the idealism that fits him for an American-boy's hero. As Mr. Holland's story runs, Humphrey Penhallow at fifteen runs away from his miserly step-father to follow Drake on the high seas, especially in his depredations against the Spanish. In the end he shares the spoils of the conquest and is knighted by Elizabeth. Obviously, the plot is most commonplace. True, Drake is euphemistically called an adventurer, not a pirate, yet withal his conduct objectively differs only nominally from that of the average highwayman. The story is one of treachery, deceit, revenge, and intrigue, which even the romance that the author tries to introduce, fails to offset.

For a generation, by her "Little Colonel" series of stories Mrs. Annie Fellows Johnston, has made a legion of girls all over the land her enthusiastic admirers. Now, in "The Land of the Little Colonel" (L. C. Page and Company. \$2.50), they have a chance to learn something reminiscent and autobiographical about her, about her family, her childhood days and how she came to write her stories. It all results in a very handsome book, in which numerous illustrations, taken from original photographs of the actual people and places that inspired many of the characters and incidents of Mrs. Johnston's stories lend special attraction to her account of her memories of life and experiences in the Blue Grass State. Among other things she notes that "the wonderful cartoons Nast was making" for *Harper's Weekly* were some of the recreation of her childhood. Remembering the force of childhood impressions in after life, that gives a hint of the source of some recent manifestations of intolerance in the Southland.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

St. Joseph as Teacher

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The answer to Sister Mary Agatha's letter, in the issue of AMERICA for August 10, should be sent to all those who seem to think that because St. Joseph was a carpenter he was not interested in education.

My father, who was a convert and an inventor, went to St. Joseph in all his difficulties. We children were taught early in life by both mother and father to love St. Joseph because Jesus loved him. We loved our own dear father not simply because he supplied the money with which to run our home. After reading the good Sister's letter, one pictures St. Joseph in the little home at Nazareth sitting apart from the others at eventide, thinking only of his work for the next day, unable through lack of education to converse with Our Blessed Lady and her dear Son.

St. Joseph is a wonderfully wise teacher, especially in lessons of humility.

Newport, Ky.

JOSPHINE WENTWORTH.

Irish Slaves in Colonial Days

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the time of Oliver Cromwell (1641-1655) and after, many Irish—men, women, and children—were forcibly deported from their homes in Ireland and shipped to New England, the Barbadoes, and Virginia. English shipowners, and shipmasters, aided by "lewd fellows, called Spirits," filled the holds of their vessels, particularly in the period between 1651 and 1655, with stolen children and adults, gathered like cattle at Irish ports, and then transhipped to Bristol, London, and other ports, from which they were shipped in turn to America.

These unfortunates, who had no redress, were in many cases given English names, so that their families and Irish identity could be covered up. But the inhuman shipmasters and owners, in their mad designs to get the highest prices for their kidnapped Irish slaves, lost sight of the fact that their stolen human parcels spoke the Irish language, behaved like Irish men and women and transmitted their ways and customs to their Puritan masters and environment in New England.

The social intercourse of the old towns along the Massachusetts coast in the seventeenth century was enlivened and bettered by the forced emigration of these Irish exiles. Soon they intermarried into the very families where, at first, they had been treated as slaves. They were "the hewers of wood and drawers of water," but they were also endowed with physical prowess and mental ability and, as the generations succeeded themselves in old Essex, Middlesex, and Suffolk Counties in Massachusetts, their ancient Irish names came in evidence on the vital records of the older towns, even if some of them, awed or browbeaten by their masters, clung to the English names given on shipboard.

One of the shipmasters mentioned above was George Dell of London and New England, whose ship, Goodfellow, was used, in 1654, to bring over Irish slaves or "redemptioners." Dell made arrangements that year with one Deputy Samuel Symonds of Ipswich, Mass., to bring likely Irishmen to work on his plantation in Ipswich. Dell was to get £26 (in corn and cattle) for each man selected by Symonds. (At that time, commodities were legal tender in the Massachusetts and Ipswich colonies.) From his shipload of 250 Irish—men, women, and children—brought by Dell, Symonds selected William Downing and Philip Welch, two likely Irish lads, who were brought to Ipswich by Symonds.

Like some other Puritan plantation-owners, Symonds by threats and subtleties, forced them to work longer than seven years (the customary redemption period) without "noe calling nor wages." In 1661, Welch and Downing, having filled their time, rebelled and refused to serve Symonds any longer. He thereupon haled them into Salem Quarterly Court, on June 25, 1661. The defense

of Welch and Downing, as stated in the Court Records was as follows:

Wee were brought out of our own country contrary to our owne wills and minds and sold here unto Mr. Symonds by ye master of the ship (Goodfellow) Mr. Dell, but what agreement was made betweene Mr. Symonds and ye said master was never acted by our consent or knowledge yet notwithstanding wee have indeavored to do him ye best service wee could these seven complet yeares, which is 3 years more than ye use to seel you for at Barbadoes wn they are stollin in England, and for our service wee have noe calling nor wages but meat and cloths. Now 7 yeares service being so much as ye practise of old England and [we] thought meet in this place and wee being both above 21 years of age wee hope this honourd court will seriously consider our conditions.

Symonds defended himself in court skilfully, as an intelligent English gentleman, and protested that Welch and Downing did not work in his cornfields in a way to fulfil the particular agreement made between him and Dell, the shipmaster. The jury declared in his favor, but Welch and Downing appealed and finally won their case in the higher court in Boston.

Child-stealing, man-stealing and the kidnapping of Irish women by shipmasters and their "spirits" [agents] did not cease. This unnatural practice was carried on up to 1681, when a law was passed against it in London. This law however, was more honored in the breach than in the observance. Man-stealing (kidnapping of Irish servants) was carried on in 1774 by one William Cunningham, in the pay of the British Government, in New York. When the Colonies revolted against England, hundreds of these stolen or kidnapped Irishmen and their descendants effectively defended the Colonies along the Atlantic seaboard.

Worcester, Mass.

GEORGE F. O'DWYER.

How Many Colored Catholics?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

An article concerning the number of colored Catholics in the United States, written by the Rev. John Gillard, S.S.J., and appearing in the issue of AMERICA for July 6, has just been brought to my attention. I am of the opinion that the statistics furnished by Father Gillard are also far short of the actual number.

My reason for believing this is because even in those dioceses where missionary work is actually being done, the figures reported are far too small. In the city of Los Angeles there are approximately 45,000 colored people and from the diocese of Los Angeles, which includes several medium-sized towns containing large numbers of colored people, only 500 are listed as Catholics. These 500 are found in St. Odilia's church, which is the only exclusively colored parish in this diocese. Yet within the city of Los Angeles alone there are more than 500 colored Catholics not included in the first count. In this parish alone [St. Patrick's] there are 100 colored Catholics at Mass every Sunday, and about thirty-five colored children in the parish school.

Another example: in the archdiocese of San Francisco, as far as statistics go to show, there is not a single colored Catholic. Yet there were 125 colored Catholic children who had been instructed by the Helpers of the Holy Souls, and there is an almost equal number of adult Catholics. In Oakland there is a sufficient number of colored people who are already Catholics to warrant the assignment of two priests to attend to their spiritual needs. There are easily 500 colored Catholics in this archdiocese, yet the directory does not list a single one.

Since the time of the Civil War there have never been so few as 44,882 colored Catholics, the number given by the N. C. W. C. news article. On the other hand, during no decade since that time has there been an increase of 140 per cent.

There is also something wrong with the estimate which gives 124,000 as the number of colored Catholics attending exclusively colored Catholic churches. According to the figures furnished by the Negro and Indian Mission Board, in ten dioceses where there are churches exclusively for Negroes, the number of colored Catholics far surpasses the number given by Father Gillard.

It seems that the priests who have worked and are working in the Colored Missions have laid a greater offering at the feet of their King than they had surmised.

Los Angeles.

[REV.] MAX MURPHY.